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THE LAST LINGERING DOUBT about the character of the farm-relief program must certainly have vanished during the week just past. The board is organized, with eight out of nine members appointed, all of them except Mr. Legge on the recommendation of cooperative groups and farmers, and with all critical guns spiked by publication of the names of the indorsers. The board will have a personnel of more than a hundred men, and the number will be gradually increased. If there has been any doubt about what it is going to do, it surely will endure no longer, for a dispatch to the New York *Times* recently informed a waiting country that President Hoover "gave his views on the necessity of the board proceeding in such a way as to inspire confidence." That is precisely the action our agriculture needs, and it seems strange nobody thought of it before. Mr. Legge at the same time declared that he had never undertaken a job with more hope of being helpful, and that the government's action had already had the psychological effect of encouraging agriculture. "What we farmers must learn," he observed, according to an Associated Press dispatch, "is to do collective thinking to solve our problems." Mr. Legge had no theories for the rehabilitation of agriculture, we are told, but, he said: "We all shall start together from scratch and think collectively." That's right! No theories (which is, being interpreted, ideas), but a little psychology and a good deal of collective thinking, and all will be well with American agriculture. Friends of the Administration are advising the farmers not to expect too much at first, and to give the plan a fair trial. The first half of this advice, at least, is easy to take.

SECRETARY STIMSON ought to feel honored at the attack launched on the Department of State for granting a passport to Dorothy Detzer, executive secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Miss Detzer refused to take the oath of allegiance if by the word "defend" was implied the bearing of arms or the support of war. After balking at first, the officials finally allowed her to take the oath in the form permitted to Roger N. Baldwin in 1926, with the word "defend" omitted. This is an unsatisfactory solution, but one which does credit, none the less, to the intelligence of the State Department. That department, in thus taking liberal ground with reference to pacifist citizens, enrages the professional patriots, who, as indicated by an agonized cry from H. Ralph Burton, attorney for various "vigilant," "intelligent," and otherwise "patriotic" organizations, were hoping to see the lamentable doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court in the Schwimmer case with reference to alien pacifists extended also to the native variety—"no fight, no citizen." Congratulations to the Department of State.

OUR RECENT PREDICTION that the Boulder Dam act would be an empty triumph for the advocates of public ownership seems about to be fulfilled by Secretary Wilbur. Six of the seven States required to sign the Colorado River compact have reached agreement and President Hoover has proclaimed the scheme as in effect, but the erection of publicly owned power plants seems to be as far away as ever. According to the act, which passed Congress after it had been emasculated by pressure from the power lobby, the whole question of private or public ownership of the power plants at Boulder Dam was left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, an abdication of authority by Congress which in the circumstances was astounding. Secretary Wilbur may ask for bids for the use of the water at Boulder Dam, for the power produced by a government plant there, or for the power when transmitted to various points by government lines. Reports from Washington indicate that the "Wilbur plan" is to sell the water directly to private interests and let them produce the power. Thus the taxpayers will finance the construction of the dam and private enterprise will get its most profitable product. The power interests get their reward in a policy which favors private enterprise, and the consumers lose the valuable yardstick which a publicly owned power plant would have provided for measuring the justice of electric rates charged by private companies. Now it can be told what Candidate Hoover meant when he said at Madison Square Garden last October: "No government administration can rightly take chances with taxpayers' money."

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THE THOUGHT of one big power trust in the United States does not worry Henry Ford, if we can believe an interview which he gave recently to the *Electrical World*.

> People talk about a power trust [he said]. I only wish that there actually were a power trust, a central directing organization for the development and use of every power source in the country, tied into one national power system for the service of the whole country. . . . It has got to come as the one necessary and economic method of power production. Our national power system will become a unit just as our postal system is.

Probably so, but who is going to control such a trust? And what "central directing organization" is capable of giving service to consumers according to their need, as the postal system is, except the government of the United States? If our postal system had followed the lines of development of the power industry and had become a collection of private monopolies, we would still be paying in postage stamps the interest on the overcapitalization of some Michigan-Wisconsin-Ohio Postal Holding Corporation or the handsome fees of some bold promoters of a national postal merger. And we would have no rural free delivery because that "wouldn't pay" under private ownership. We are as anxious as Henry Ford is for consolidation and efficiency in the power industry, but the whole lesson of consolidations under present methods of ownership and control is that consumers do not get their due share of the gains of amalgamation and that billions of dollars in overvaluation can be saddled upon future generations without the possibility of repudiation. Attorney-General Hamilton Ward of New York has announced that the half-billion-dollar Morgan merger described in *The Nation* of July 3 is above the law as far as present regulating agencies are concerned. If Henry Ford doesn't worry about that it is because he lives in Detroit.

> It is natural and I think perfectly proper for foreign people to bring to our attention what they conceive to be the probable effect of our proposed legislation relative to the tariff. . . . But, in my opinion, the real kick against the House tariff bill is with our own people and not with the people abroad. . . . I do not think that in all the history of tariff legislation there has been such an utter disregard of the pledges of a party as are incorporated in the House tariff bill.

STRONG AND SENSIBLE WORDS these of Senator Borah. Will Rogers remarks that "forty-five nations, including the United States, have objected to the new tariff, but not Reed Smoot." The impressive volume of foreign protest, however, has caused even Senator Smoot to give it irritated attention. In giving out a digest of such protests, the chairman of the Finance Committee stated that they came from only twenty-five countries instead of thirty-eight, as stated in the press, and that many of these were not actual government protests, but private objections forwarded by governments. No matter. The point is all the same. If we won't buy, we can't sell, and these logical if unreasonable foreigners just can't see what the United States as a creditor nation thinks it is doing. The American delegates to the International Chamber of Commerce vainly try to explain to their fellow-industrialists, and it is only with difficulty that the subject is kept off the floor of that gathering. As one of the Europeans said: "So far as we can see, the Americans are going to try simply to put us out of business." It is too nearly true, and economically it is plain lunacy. But the strength of the opposing forces steadily grows, and the situation is by no means hopeless.

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO next summer the Icelandic Parliament met for the first time! In June, 1930, the millennium of the Althing will be celebrated in Iceland by representatives of governments throughout the world. For in the steam and power age in which we live a thousand years is a long time, a period to command reverence and respect, and a governing body that has lasted that long must strike wonder in the hearts of all Occidental peoples. The millennial celebration will take place on the spot where the original Althing was organized—Thingvellir, thirty odd miles from the city of Reykjavik. There, among mountain fastnesses made famous by ancient sagas, the twentieth-century Icelandic "Skalds" will pay tribute to their country. On April 15, last, Representative Burtness of North Dakota proposed a bill by which the United States might accept Iceland's invitation to send delegates to the anniversary celebration, and also might present a statue of Leif Ericson to the Icelanders. The resolution was passed and $50,000 appropriated for the statue, but all reference to Leif Ericson as the discoverer of America was stricken out! This, notwithstanding the fact that the Icelandic sagas record the opening chapters of American history, in the attempted settlements of Vinland; and to an Icelandic mother, Gudrid, it is related, was born the first white child to begin life on the American mainland. But our Congressmen do not credit these ancient beginnings. They once learned the time-honored rhyme, "In fourteen hundred ninety-two Columber sailed the ocean blue," and they are not going to forget it.

UNDOUBTEDLY THERE ARE extenuating reasons, known and unknown, why Ramsay MacDonald and his Labor Government thought it best to deny the right of asylum to Leon Trotzky. The Labor Government has not a majority in Parliament. Such a gesture of tolerance would not be worth the risk of having the MacDonald regime thrown out of office before it had a chance to carry out its program. The question is whether the admission of Trotzky—whose activities in England would be as public as Westminster Abbey—would arouse opposition serious enough to force the Labor Government out. Apparently Mr. MacDonald and his Cabinet think so. But they have no right to complain if some of their supporters—and the opinion of the future—do not agree with them. The traditional principles of Anglo-Saxon liberty clearly demanded the admission of Trotzky to England, and it is especially regrettable that the Labor Party felt itself obliged to take the course which it has followed. The episode arouses the disquieting suspicion that every violation of liberty, if examined closely, might show the marks—which time so inconsiderately dims—of "extenuating cirmcumstances."

ONE OF THE OBSTACLES to the settlement of German reparations at the recent conference in Paris which led to the Young plan was Belgium's claim for compensation for the debasement of its currency by Germany during the World War. During the German occupation

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paper marks, which eventually became worthless, were forced upon the country. Germany agreed to pay damages for this injury, but was so far from Belgium in regard to the amount that in order to save the conference from the rocks the Belgians and Germans were induced to settle the question by themselves apart from reparations. With the removal of international support the Belgian claims became more moderate, and delegates from the two countries have just signed an agreement according to which, after ratification by the parliaments of the respective countries, Germany will pay Belgium thirty-seven annuities amounting to some 600,000,000 gold marks (about $144,000,000). The agreement insures Belgium's acceptance of the Young plan, and thus brings that arrangement a step nearer to fulfilment.

LIBERTY, ALAS, seems to have become license in Massachusetts during the days just past. The thirteen copies of Voltaire's "Candide" seized by vigilant customs officers in Boston during May have been released, the Customs Bureau in Washington having decided that the text was not obscene within the meaning of the law. Perhaps we are unjust, however, in suggesting that the vigilance of the moral watchdogs of the Treasury is relaxed; for we note that it is only this particular edition which is given a certificate of purity, and that future importations will be judged on their merits—or demerits. Even if the Treasury be held blameless, however, surely the same cannot be said for the Post Office and the Massachusetts authorities. In the April-June issue of the *Lantern* we note seven long passages from the Old Testament which the most lax of censors could scarcely pass even if he were sound asleep; yet we have not heard that this issue has been barred from the mails. Now we are not over-ballasted with morals, yet such as we have we like to see protected, and we protest that if Mr. Brown's censors propose to let this sort of thing go on unchecked, we are going to find ourselves in the gutter or the brothel before long. We humbly appeal for protection to a wise and good government.

THE ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL in Los Angeles—a public institution—has refused a diploma of graduation to Max Rosenstein because he is a member of the Young Workers' League—a Communist organization. A high-school diploma, runs the strange logic from Los Angeles, is a certificate of good citizenship. No Communist can be a good citizen. Therefore no Communist can be graduated from the high school of Los Angeles. For the third time in two years, a diploma has been refused to a member of the Young Workers' League on the basis of what Frank A. Bouelle, City Superintendent, discreetly calls an "unrecorded understanding" among the members of the Los Angeles Board of Education. This august body feels that the schools must protect the country from the red menace when the government fails to do so, and as the watchdog of patriotism it takes its duties seriously. During the past winter several boys and girls were arrested for distributing leaflets in the Roosevelt High School—which is situated in the radical district of Los Angeles. When the papers were found to be harmless even in the eyes of the embattled authorities, the students were fined for distributing leaflets without a license. A new school board is coming into office and Superintendent Bouelle has agreed to have the new board review the case, but since the incoming members are believed to regard the issue in the same way as their predecessors, the assurance means little.

NO FOURTH OF JULY oration about our national excellences could produce half so warm a glow of pride in us as the summary of twenty-five years of progress in fighting child labor recently issued by the National Child Labor Committee. In 1904, when the committee began its work, only seventeen States were even attempting to keep children under fourteen out of the factories, and only five States prohibited night work for children under sixteen. Today every State in the Union has some kind of fourteen-year age limit, and in thirty-nine States children under fourteen cannot work in factories under any circumstances. But there is still much to be done before all American children are protected. States like North Carolina and Georgia have loopholes in the law which allow mill owners to work young children very long hours by day or night. North Carolina allows children of fourteen to work in the mills sixty hours a week if they have completed the fourth grade in school, and Georgia allows them to work eleven hours a day, while workers of sixteen in Georgia mills may be employed for a twelve-hour night. Most of the survivals of child labor in the United States exist in those parts of the population that are unusually poor, notably among farmers and mill workers. Child labor has decreased since 1904 not only because of the development of a social conscience concerning the rights of children, but because of high wages. Probably the fathers and mothers of China care as much for their children as do American fathers and mothers, but child labor is ten times as common in China as here because we are rich and the Chinese are poor. Score one for American materialism!

PROSPERITY keeps bringing fresh perils. Henry Ford the other day signed a check for two cents, the first personal check, we are veraciously informed, that he has signed in five years. The vigilant commentators note that his income during the four seconds he spent in signing it was $6.32; so he seems to have spent time worth $6.32 in paying a debt of two cents. Nothing could better indicate the superficiality of the daily press, to which we have repeatedly called attention, than the perfunctory notice it gave to this apparently trifling incident, which, as the thoughtful observer will at once see, in fact portends the early overthrow of our whole present scheme of doing business. If prosperity is to become generally diffused and is also to become bigger and better, as it must do under Mr. Hoover, then we shall all soon be making so much that we can't take time to sign checks without actually losing money in the process, and the business machine will stop dead. We have already personally noted an increasing difficulty in signing the modest checks we are accustomed to draw, and we confidently predict that within the next ten years headlines like the following will be common: "Rockefeller Jailed for Debt. Has Quick Assets of a Billion, but Can't Afford to Sign Check for Debt of $4.37." Or this: "Pennsylvania Railroad Fails. Treasurer Can't Take Time to Pay Bills." Or perhaps: "United States Defaults on Fourth Liberty Loan. Secretary Mellon Says He Can't Bother to Sign Six-Billion Check."

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Russia and China at Odds

WAR threatens the Far East again because Chang Ching-hui, Chinese governor of the Harbin district of Manchuria, has seized the Chinese Eastern Railway, deposed its Russian officials, and deported several hundred Russians from Manchuria. Moscow has yielded to demonstrations of patriotic anger by its citizens and on July 13 sent an ultimatum to Nanking, declaring that if the Chinese Government did not, within three days, agree to a conference for determining control of the Chinese Eastern the Russian Government would resort "to other means of defense of the legal rights of the Soviet Union." At this writing Chinese and Russian troops are mobilizing on the Siberian border, but both governments are making gestures of conciliation.

The present crisis in Manchuria cannot be judged by ordinary standards of morals and international law because morals and law are purely academic terms when applied to Manchuria. The Chinese Eastern Railway was founded in intrigue and has been maintained as a weapon of imperialist penetration. The Soviet Government acknowledged the claim of China to the railway when it promised in 1919 to return it "to the Chinese people without demanding compensation of any kind," but the Russians forgot some of their generosity when they contemplated the practical results of losing the Chinese Eastern while Japan continued in Manchuria. Now their concern is not so much with the complete control of the railway as with the right to use it without interruption on equitable terms.

Beginning as a Czarist project on Chinese territory, the Chinese Eastern was divided after the Russo-Japanese War. The southern part was given to Japan for the South Manchurian Railway and the northern part, which was exclusively Russian until the Soviet revolution, was put under joint Sino-Russian control by the treaty of Peking of 1924. The lines now in dispute run 900 miles across Manchuria from Manchuli to Vladivostok, with a southward spur from Harbin to Changchun. Technically the railway belongs to a Sino-Russian corporation; actually its title is so buried in claims and cross-claims of sovereignty that possession is ten-tenths of the law. Incidentally the road cleared $8,000,000 in profit last year, which fact helps to explain the Chinese eagerness to acquire it. What makes the present crisis so significant is that the outcome of the Chinese seizure of the railway may create a notable precedent. If China can seize a Russian railway with impunity, what will she do with Japan and the South Manchurian Railway? Japan would observe the Russian discomfiture in Manchuria with great delight if she were not haunted by the fear that it is a prelude to her own expulsion.

Ostensibly the present seizure of the Chinese Eastern was ordered by the local Chinese authorities in Manchuria without the knowledge of Nanking as part of a campaign against Communist aggression, but the claim of purely local responsibility seems doubtful in view of the fact that Chiang Kai-shek, Chang Hsueh-liang of Manchuria, and C. T. Wang, China's Foreign Minister, held an official conference in Peking just before the Manchurian coup. As far as the treaty of 1924 goes, both sides have violated it. Russia has broken its pledge not to permit the activities of any organization "whose aim is to struggle by acts of violence against the government of either contracting party." On the other hand, while the Chinese Eastern Railway has much political significance, the Chinese in 1924 agreed to unite with the Russians in administering it as a purely commercial enterprise. Now they have seized it by force and expelled the Russian employees. Any government is certainly bound to protest vigorously against such treatment of its citizens in violation of treaty rights.

This whole affair of the Chinese Eastern is ominous because of its deeper implications. There is no unqualified right and wrong on either side. Russia is placed in the embarrassing situation of struggling on Chinese soil for a commercial enterprise that was imposed upon China by force, and the Western press has rushed to the conclusion that her objection to Chinese aggression is prima facie evidence of imperialist designs. But a fairly convincing justification of the Soviet Chinese policy can be developed by regarding it as defensive against Japan and the Western Powers.

If Russia loses the Chinese Eastern she may be forced to divert her trans-Siberian traffic to the circuitous route of the Amur River line, which is 570 miles longer than the route through Manchuria. Also she may lose many commercial advantages that spring from control of railroads in so rich a country. Added to these considerations on the Russian side is the most important one, that with the Chinese troops in Manchuria are large bodies of White Russian mercenaries who would like to use Manchuria as a base for counter-revolution in Siberia. One Associated Press dispatch from Harbin has even reported that the Chinese intend to return the former Czarist manager, Ostroumove, to the control of the railway. Russia cannot contemplate such developments without much perturbation, especially since the Chinese policy in Manchuria has been warlike for several months. Diplomatic relations between the two governments have been close to suspension since the Chinese raided the Soviet Consulate in Harbin on May 27 and arrested forty persons for spreading Communist propaganda.

The most hopeful factor for peace in the Manchurian crisis is the attitude of the Soviet Government. While angry citizens stoned the Chinese Consulate in Vladivostok, the official Moscow press has deliberately played down the affronts to Russians in Manchuria because the Government does not wish to divert the national energy to a war for Russian property abroad. The Soviet leaders expressed their willingness to sell out their interests in the Chinese Eastern to China in the Mukden treaty of 1924. The Russian ultimatum to China asks three things which in themselves are reasonable, that an immediate conference should be called to discuss difficulties, that Chinese authorities should cancel all arbitrary orders concerning the Chinese Eastern, and that arrested Russian citizens should be released. Let us hope that the Nationalists will not feel that they are losing face by accepting these proposals as a possible way toward a settlement.

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Science and Certitude

A FEW months ago we commented in a slightly skeptical fashion on the popular enthusiasm aroused by Einstein's "Field Theory." Expressing some layman's doubts concerning the universal validity of purely mathematical inferences, we noted the fact that Einstein had apparently reached his conclusions with the aid of nothing except a pencil and paper, and we likened such a dependence upon "pure reason" to that scholasticism which the empiric methods of science are supposed to have displaced. Several teachers of physics wrote in to protest against this dangerously heretical kind of skepticism, but a few days after the editorial was written the New York *Times* quoted an opinion of Lane Poor, professor of celestial mechanics at Columbia University, to the effect that the Einstein theory was the conclusion of a mathematical game of no demonstrated significance outside the realm of mathematics. It so happens, moreover, that the progress of science—though frequently crabwise—is in these days so rapid that we were not compelled to wait long for another illustration of the danger of confusing inference with fact.

Any casual reader of the scientific chitchat in a popular magazine will tell you that the nebulae, which are unimaginable distances away from the earth, are moving at equally unimaginable speeds. If asked how this remote fact is ascertained, he will reply that "the spectroscope tells us," and when pressed concerning further details of the language which the spectroscope speaks he may possibly know that when it is turned toward the nebula certain of its lines are slightly shifted from the position which they normally occupy. Since this phenomenon could be produced by a rapid movement of the light source toward or away from the instrument, the amount of displacement is taken as the measure of the speed of the body toward which it is turned. And if it be objected that such measurements are, after all, pure inference, your informant will counter with the assertion that they are, on the contrary, solid and indisputable fact.

Now we would never have undertaken to dispute with him. We have doubtless been guilty of references to the speed of nebulae quite as glib as those made by anyone else, and we have trusted the spectroscope as we trust our speedometer. But scientists at the Wilson Observatory have just been measuring the speed of three hitherto unclocked nebulae and report that they are traveling at the respective speeds of 3,100, 4,600, and 4,900 miles a second away from the earth. In addition, however, the astronomers have noted another curious fact, which is that the further a nebula is away from the earth the faster it seems to be moving, and this has at last aroused a certain suspicion. Dr. Walter S. Adams, director of the observatory, has the temerity to suggest that after all these confidently measured speeds may be purely illusory, and Dr. Harlow Shapley, Harvard astronomer, adds that "the measured velocity is probably not a measure of actual motion but more likely a measure of crumpling space." Furthermore, Professor Eddington comments as follows:

> [the] spectral lines are displaced toward the red. Ordinarily we interpret such a red displacement as signifying receding velocity in the line of sight. On ordinary grounds it would be hard to explain the striking fact that these spirals seem to move away from us at such stupendous speeds. Why should they shun us like the plague? But the phenomenon is intelligible if what has really been observed is the slowing down of vibrations consequent on the light from these objects having traveled a part of the way around the cosmos.

Now all this is doubtless to be hailed as a triumph for Einstein, but it is surely not likely to inspire in the thoughtful observer any very great confidence in the certitude of scientific inference whether it be of the pre- or the post-Einsteinian variety. For a number of years the speeds deduced from the spectroscope have been recorded, not as inferred possibilities but as actual facts. The astronomer has periodically emerged with impressive strings of figures and very tall tales which the simple multitude has contemplated with many appreciative "Oh's" and "Ah's". How stupendous is the universe, but how much more impressive than even that is the fact that puny man can sit in his observatory and measure the incredible speed of bodies incredibly far away! Only if Adams and Shapley are right he has been doing nothing of the sort. He has measured the microscopic displacement of the lines of his spectroscope with what is doubtless a commendable accuracy, but his leap across the immensities of space has taken him exactly nowhere. He has made certain inferences from the simple observation made upon a spectrum spread out before his eyes; now he will presumably make other inferences from the same data. But both remain merely inferential and not at all "scientific," as the meaning of that word is taken by the credulous layman who assumes that science deals only with solid facts. Both are interesting, possible, and ingenious; neither is part of any body of actual knowledge.

Sad Story

WHAT do American educators think about? Are they as a class alert, courageous, intelligent, civilized? Are they cautious and subservient to the current—even to the local—*mores?* Do they accept meekly the restrictions put upon them by boards of trustees who, in small towns and in many cities not so small, presume to tell their employees what they shall wear, what they shall believe, and how they shall conduct themselves not only within the limits of the classroom but outside it? No dancing, say the school boards; no smoking, no drinking, no evolution, no free-thinking, no short dresses, no married teachers. What do the teachers reply?

Some of these questions have been answered in extenso by a questionnaire sent to nearly 3,000 American educators by Professor Manly H. Harper of Teachers College, Columbia University. Professor Harper's data were collected more than five years ago, but there is no indication that his findings would be any different today. He sent his list of seventy-one propositions to educators in all parts of the United States; 52 per cent of the answers came from the Middle and Far Western States; 25 per cent from the South; from New England came 8 per cent; and the balance from the Middle Atlantic section. Sixty per cent of the educators were elementary teachers; 24 per cent were teaching in high schools. Only 2 per cent taught in colleges. It

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will be seen, of course, that this is a fair division of professional equipment and training. It would be manifestly unjust to question college teachers only, or New York teachers only, or merely the mistresses of one-room local schools. Lest it be thought that Professor Harper packed his court against radicalism by taking too many subjects from the conservative South, it may be remarked that he found practically no difference in the conservatism of the answers that could be attributed to sex, religion, political party affiliation, or geographical distribution. A slight increase in conservatism was noted with increasing age.

What, then, do these guardians of our youth believe? Professor Harper discovered the rather astonishing fact that 77 per cent of them agreed that "One should never allow his own experience and reason to lead him in ways that he knows are contrary to the teaching of the Bible." And 80 per cent believe that "No school, college, or university should teach anything that is found to cause its students to doubt or question the Bible as containing the word of God."

With religion thus made safe for our young democracy, and evolution necessarily disposed of as heresy, Professor Harper turned to the dissemination of dangerous doctrine. "Persons believing in socialism should not be allowed certificates to teach in the public schools," he suggested. Hearty concurrence was given this sentiment by 48 per cent. "Our laws should prohibit giving, even to adults, information concerning birth control through public meetings or through the mail." Forty-four per cent agreed. "For the improvement of patriotism our laws should forbid much of the radical criticism that we often hear and read concerning the injustice of our country and government." Fifty-one per cent concurred.

The following propositions were answered affirmatively as the percentages indicate:

> If any facts should be found favorable to socialism they should be omitted from histories written for high-school use. 37 per cent.
>
> On the whole, in this country, the reward given manual laborers, as compared with the share taken by their employers, has been in just proportion to the services they have rendered. 43 per cent.
>
> If every nation were as wise and just as the United States there would be no more danger of great wars. 56 per cent.
>
> Histories written for elementary or high-school use should omit any facts likely to cause students radically to question or doubt the justice of our social order and government. 54 per cent.
>
> Every boy and girl in American schools should be taught to give unquestioned and unlimited respect and support to the American flag, for whatever cause it may be unfurled. 81 per cent.

These answers, while only a portion of the whole, give a good idea of the scope and results of the questionnaire. And one is sadly constrained to admit that the educators come out badly. By their own confessions they are in the main inconsistent, muddle-headed, willing to ignore facts, ignorant of the progress of history and science, and completely subservient to constituted authority. They are not willing or able to think for themselves. If it be said that thus they resemble the majority of their fellow-citizens, one can only reply that they are in positions of superiority, they are intrusted with the task of making better citizens out of our children than we have been. How will they do it?

The *Little Review*

IN 1914 Margaret Anderson founded the *Little Review* and with the collaboration of Jane Heap succeeded in making it the most interesting of the innumerable amateur magazines devoted to revolutionary art. Now the two editors bring their enterprise to a close with a substantial Final Number devoted largely to the answers which their contributors have vouchsafed to a questionnaire.

It must be confessed that these responses are not in themselves very impressive. When faced with such questions as "What do you look forward to?" and "What is your world view?" even the graver sort of person seems inevitably to feel an obligation to be entertaining, and most of the *Review's* contributors who are not intentionally silly succeed only in being solemnly absurd. But the table of contents constitutes a directory of the experimental writers who, during the past fifteen years, have fought their way into some sort of position: Richard Aldington, Sherwood Anderson, Maxwell Bodenheim, Jean Cocteau, T. S. Eliot, André Gide, "H. D.," Ben Hecht, Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound, Evelyn Scott, and Edith Sitwell have all ceased to need the aid of a magazine devoted to the cause of unsalable writing. Others—like Marianne Moore, Gertrude Stein, and William Carlos Williams—may still find comparatively few professional magazines eager to receive their work, but they have all made their names familiar to students.

The editors of the *Little Review* take their farewells in ruefully humorous terms. Miss Heap complains that though the *Review* has given space to twenty-three new systems of art ("all now dead"), it has not printed anything nearer a masterpiece than Joyce's "Ulysses," and Miss Anderson speaks in an even more downright fashion. "As this number will show, even the artist doesn't know what he is talking about. And I can no longer go on publishing a magazine in which no one really knows what he is talking about." Perhaps one of the faults of the *Little Review* was a tendency to consider a new theory of art too nearly equivalent to a new work of art. Perhaps it was inclined to insist that its contributors ought to know what they were talking about when these contributors could have been more profitably employed in finding out what they could write. But if it has enabled a long list of them to come through, it has certainly succeeded in performing its function.

After all, a revolutionary magazine achieves its greatest triumph when it loses an author. If *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic* now print Hemingway, the fact gives to Miss Anderson and Miss Heap an opportunity to enjoy the greatest pleasure a prophet can have—which is, of course, the pleasure of saying "I told you so." When a revolutionist in literature or in government is successful he stops revolving, and the greatest success which a magazine devoted to the neglected writer can have is to find him no longer neglected. The editors of this particular organ of protest may quite possibly be so fond of fighting that they hesitate to admit a victory. But if they were reasonable—and doubtless they would resent the supposition—they would realize that they have accomplished about all that the editors of a magazine of the sort which they founded can accomplish.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

BERNARD SHAW and the Freudians seem to be in pretty close agreement upon the theory that hate is much more common than love in those bound together by ties of blood. I am not willing to go so far. In spite of Œdipus I doubt if the average son actually wants his father out of the way in any practical sense. The tragedy of parenthood is not ill-will but lack of common interests. It is indeed a wise father who knows his own child. And unfortunately not much can be done about it. The efforts of a middle-aged man to make a pal of his boy are generally pitiful. Almost the best thing that can be done is to recognize the existence of a gulf between the generations.

Each year in every college the bitter farce is played of old grads coming back in search of their lost youth. And they are better off if in that institution of learning they possess neither kith nor kin who can observe their antics. To be specific, there is no poorer poker game than that in which some visiting parent attempts to sit down with the boys to show them how it's done. The old gentleman is usually very rusty about the rules. He slows up the deal and hugely embarrasses his heir by the display of gross ineptitude. And aside from the play itself the jokes and quips flow slowly. No normal boy of eighteen or thereabouts is apt to fall into easy and loose phrases in front of his father, and when the older man attempts to break the ice by relating a few limericks of the baser sort the effect is always ghastly. I am not a prude and yet I must admit that it embarrasses me hideously to sit by while any ancestor of mine from grandmother down undertakes to tell a torrid story. All the old gentlemen or ladies I ever knew muddled the tale, and never did they produce a single one which I had not heard before. Invariably I had the same sinking feeling which assails me when a clergyman seeks to unbend and become rowdy for the laity.

It is not true that a father is a boy's best friend. That can't be. There is no way by which constraint may be wholly banished. And any overt act toward tearing down the barriers but renders them more spiky. And yet a man and his boy need not forever travel like parallel lines doomed never to meet this side of infinity. It is not impossible for them to veer a little toward each other. A father is a fool if he tries to sell himself to his children upon his virtues alone. Nobody has a sufficient number. He ought to let his faults lie as they are. What is the use of faking? No valuable friendship was ever built upon such a foundation.

The unfortunate father beset by a difficult situation tries to play the game in two divergent ways. When the man child is still small and formative, every effort is made to convince him that his father is among the gods. The boy of nine or ten who undertakes to criticize his father is rebuked for impertinence and sent to bed without his supper. In order to preserve a senseless authority a sham figure is built up to hold the place at the head of the table.

But by the time the boy has reached sixteen or thereabouts the father finds that it is cold comfort being a god in the sight of any fellow-mortal. He wants to take the boy with him to the country club for a round of golf or maybe ask him along as a theater companion. But in these places there are cronies who know the older man for what he is. They are likely to take delight in mentioning some of his slighter transgressions. The lad will learn that the old gentleman upon occasion has been known to take a drop too much. He can see with his own eyes that his sire's putting is nothing much to brag about. And if all these facts are revealed to him with suddenness there may be a shock not easily overcome.

And so it seems to me that a father's best chance to be in any way his youngster's chum must be seized upon from the very beginning. If the young child is allowed to realize at the start that his parent is not so much he may in later life be pleased and surprised at happening upon hidden virtues. Many a man has gone to great pains to attend some church in which he had no faith simply because he felt that it would be good for the children. When did hypocrisy ever constitute a good soil for seedlings? And there was another misguided fellow within my circle of friends who made a point of dressing for dinner every night in order to impress the little ones. Seemingly he lacked the imagination to realize what would happen the first time the boy ever saw him in his golf suit.

It is a pity that fathers must be older than their children. There would be far less strain and reverence if a son could be, let's say, no more than five or six years younger. Parental dignity should not go very much beyond the little gulf which lies between a senior and a freshman.

A son is handicapped in ever knowing well the man who bears his name because the father has lived so large a portion of his life before the little fellow comes to existence. And for the first few years there is no conceivable chance of reasonable companionship. You can't make a friend of a baby—not if you are a man at all fastidious. The infant has no background, no proper conversation, and his habits and morals are deplorable. And certainly nobody has yet solved the problem of how a grown-up should talk to a five-year-older. Quite properly we frown on those who seek to meet on common ground by doing baby talk with children. Nevertheless I think it is a mistake to discuss the League of Nations or commercialized vice with anybody less than seven. I have been shocked at such times as I met grave and learned youngsters who were treated from the beginning as equals.

There can be a late flowering of friendship between a father and his son. At seventy an old gentleman no longer fears that his natural self may be a bad influence upon a boy of forty. In this twilight time the head of the house may unbend a little and shatter no illusions. He will speak of his own past indiscretions. It need no longer be a secret that at times there were parties with many cocktails. Yet not even now is the contact wholly free. At this stage of friendship the balance has swung the other way. It is now the boy who feels that he must watch his step in the matter of revelation. "That," he says to himself, "is not exactly the sort of story I ought to tell my father. It might shock the old gentleman."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Prosperity*

By ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

THE United States ought to be happy. We have long desired to be the richest nation on earth, and now we are. Like the Village Blacksmith, we can look the whole world in the face, for we owe not any man. Instead, most of the others owe us. We have most of the gold, most of the automobiles, most of the telephones; we buy most of the great pictures even if we do not paint them. We have so much on earth, that we can look forward to very little more in heaven except space enough to park two cars for every family, and a stock market and a tariff which will always be going up. The time seems rapidly approaching when everyone will make so much money in Wall Street that we can all retire and live on our dividends.

And yet we are not particularly happy. Our fellow-countrymen, as described by Edith Wharton, Sinclair Lewis, and Eugene O'Neill, exhibit very disagreeable states of dissatisfaction, and even such a genial story-teller as Ring Lardner presents few characters who have a life that seems worth living. It is not enough to make all the poor rich if they are to be like George F. Babbitt or the inmates of Mr. Lardner's "Love Nest." Should we dismiss all this discontent as fiction, the sober facts painstakingly surveyed by the authors of "Middletown" are equally unalluring. Well, it may be that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward even in this best of all possible countries, which retains custom-house officials to prevent its optimism from being jolted by Voltaire's "Candide." Whatever the fate of individuals, statistics remain prepossessing. Mr. Coolidge on the battlefield of Fredericksburg rejoices that the Civil War turned out as it did because our foreign-trade figures have become so large.

It is high time to be done with complacency. It has brought us, shrewd as we are in our own occupations, to a national life without planning and without meditation as to results. Coal has long been a sick industry, but the able recommendations of the President's Coal Commission of 1921 have not been followed by one law or one change. Petroleum, perhaps the most magnificent gift that any country ever received, bids fair to be exhausted within a century after the opening of the first oil-well, leaving us without fuel for our automobiles and, what is worse, without lubrication for our machinery. Electric power, with all its possibilities of freedom from toil, has been rapidly acquired by a few great groups, each of which challenges the public to find under a bewildering series of corporate shells the elusive pea of actual cash investment. The consumers of power see the Supreme Court taking away the benefits once expected from rate regulation under private ownership, while the power interests fight the alternative of public ownership by secretly buying up the two main sources of public opinion, the teachers and the press.

It is not enough to have prosperity. The vital question is: What are we going to do with it? Shall we let it dribble away as England did hers in the nineteenth century, so that little remains to show for all her past riches? Or shall we employ it in planning and making secure a better world? This prosperity is only in part of our own making. Others have labored and we have entered into their labors. And it comes too from our favorable geographical situation, our abundant minerals and free fertile land, and the disastrous condition of Europe since the war. We are the trustees of this wealth for the future. We can use it to accomplish purposes which would otherwise be impossible, and for which there may be no opportunity in less fortunate generations to come. A nation which has shown such marvelous resourcefulness in mastering things should not be baffled by the problems of human relations.

All planning requires giving up. And so I venture to suggest to you three sacrifices which we might make in this time of our prosperity.

First, that we devote money and thought without delay or interruption to the permanent conquest of unemployment. It is the most serious defect of our existing economic system, that men should want to work and not be able to do so. Yet we never bother about it until a depression sets in and then we are helpless. What are we doing now in prosperity to guard against unemployment when bad times return? It has begun already from new and disquieting causes. The very inventions which we hail as progress have thrown men out of jobs on an unprecedented scale. Can we trust, for instance, to impersonal economic laws to take care of the thousands of motion-picture musicians who have been displaced by the talkies? Are we planning enough about a related question, the superannuation of workers? We are all enthusiastic about medical discoveries which have prolonged the duration of human life. We forget that this means more old people in the country at the very time when it is increasingly difficult for a man past forty to get or even hold a job, and when the growing independence of the young makes them more reluctant to undertake the care and support of the older generation in their homes.

Second, we might set ourselves to make the physical aspects of this country more satisfying. We could use public funds much more liberally to preserve and plant forests, which yield too slow a return to attract sufficient private investment. What we have already accomplished in parks and roadways reveals the vast possibilities of common enterprise. It is not enough, however, to get better road-beds and worse road-sides. We only drive faster and farther to see less that is worth while. Nobody who has motored from Princeton to New York City can bear to visualize what the territory around all our great cities will be like fifty years hence, unless every lot owner is willing to forego some of his freedom of control over his own property. Urban ugliness is not an inevitable consequence of modern industry. Zurich, the largest city of Switzerland and a great manufacturing center, is nevertheless a beautiful place. Fall River, with its glorious view over Mount Hope Bay and the salt rivers to the westward, could be as lovely as Zurich. The trouble simply is that nobody has cared enough. Our cities are still built too much with the architectural

* A Commencement address delivered at Brown University, June, 1929.

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anarchy which used to prevail on college campuses. If we let individualism continue to run riot, daily journeys from homes to offices and factories will become increasingly longer and more tedious. Already architects, traffic engineers, and regional planners are keenly aware that unnecessary concentration of population is rendering the price of civilization too high for either efficiency or enjoyment. Are we willing to put their ideas into force? We rejoice in the unspoiled places of Europe because the men of past centuries sacrificed and planned together as they built. It is in our power to create the same happiness in this country for our descendants. That means abandoning individual preferences. It means sweeping changes of great urban areas by voluntary agreement and if necessary by law. It means putting an appreciable share of our prosperity into taxation. We shall have to give till it hurts, even though we are now in no mood for sacrifice.

Finally, we might sacrifice our national isolation and our armaments. The 11th of November, 1918, should have been a turning-point in the life of the world. Everyone of us can remember, as though it were yesterday, his emotions on that morning. At last it was over, and we would do all in our power that it should never happen again. Who would have foreseen on that day that ten years later we should be celebrating the anniversary of the armistice with a speech headlined in the New York *Times:* President Calls for More Cruisers? Who would have expected then that the Supreme Court of the United States would refuse naturalization to a woman over fifty years old because she would refuse to bear arms in another war? It must be a solid satisfaction to the great electorate to know that under this doctrine in the Schwimmer case American citizenship would have been denied to the Quaker ancestors of Mr. Hoover. This woman, to whom the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount meant something real, was excluded by judges who profess themselves Christians, while the minority who would have protected her freedom to believe and assert those precepts included an agnostic and a Jew. This decision came a few months after a solemn agreement originated and signed by the United States—yes, and ratified by the Senate—by which all the principal nations "condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another"; and they "agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, shall never be sought except by pacific means." Could there be a more significant proof of our want of faith in the Kellogg Pact than this decision of our highest court that active participation in war is an indispensable duty of every American citizen?

We are told that all these cruisers, submarines, gas bombs, and war planes are only prudent insurance. Of all analogies, this is the most fallacious. Fires are not caused by insurance—at least not by the kind decent people take out; but armaments do cause war. It is all very well to say that they are only for defense. It is as impossible for us to devise an army and navy which will protect us against other countries and yet be unable to attack them as it was for the Irishman to obtain a gun which would shoot just high enough to miss his dog and just low enough to miss his cow.

Sir Edward Grey, who knew more than most men about the causes of the World War, says:

> Each government, while resenting any suggestion that its own measures are anything more than a precaution for defense, regards similar measures of another government as preparation for attack. The moral is obvious: it is that great armaments lead inevitably to war. . . . The increase of armaments, that is intended in each nation to produce consciousness of strength and a sense of security, does not produce these effects. On the contrary, it produces a consciousness of the strength of other nations and a sense of fear.

Yet, once again as before 1914, the armament race goes merrily on. Stop saying "In time of peace prepare for war." What you prepare for you will get. Prepare for peace.

Since Mr. Hughes's achievement at Washington in 1921, the conferences have been dismal failures because they did not really aim at disarmament but only at partial limitation, and no nation was ready to give up anything which it might conceivably need. The nations have renounced war, and yet they quarrel over how many weapons of war shall be kept, and disagree over finding some yardstick to measure the tonnage and gun-power of cruisers.

Enough of compromise. The way to disarm is to disarm. Our own history provides a fruitful precedent. In 1816, at the close of a bitter war, John Quincy Adams proposed to the British government a mutual reduction of all naval armaments upon the Great Lakes.

> The degree to which they shall be reduced [he wrote] is left at the option of Great Britain. The greater the reduction, the more acceptable it will be to the President of the United States; and most acceptable of all, should it be agreed to maintain on either side . . . no other force than such as may be necessary for the collection of the revenue.

Real disarmament followed. Not a warship, not a fort, on our Northern border. We threw away our so-called insurance, and we live without fear. Let us make every frontier with every nation like the Canadian frontier.

The United States might go even farther. We might announce, not merely that we will disarm when others will, but that we shall do so immediately whether others do or not. The Labor Government in England is ready to follow our example, France has Briand, Germany is already part way toward total disarmament, Russia has actually proposed it. We have less to lose than any other nation by this course, because our great economic power will remain. Through that and through the remission of war debts to those who will join us, we can strengthen the force of public opinion in every country to produce a world-wide destruction of the means of war.

Let me make myself clear. I propose that we shall at once reduce our navy to a coast patrol and our army to an internal police force, turn our valuable military engineers into civilian officials, and close every poison-gas plant. If any backward countries or pirate-infested waters require policing, let it be done by international police. If our President wishes to go on another peace mission to South America, give him a magnificent yacht instead of a battleship. Tell the world that henceforth we shall act as if the Kellogg Treaty means exactly what it says.

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The Government "Investigates"

The Story of the Wirkkula Killing

By ABRAHAM I. HARRIS

OF all the shootings by customs patrolmen engaged in preventing liquor smuggling from Canada, the slaying of Henry Wirkkula near International Falls, Minnesota, has unquestionably caused the greatest embarrassment to the government. The Treasury Department had hitherto been callous, at least outwardly, to criticism in such matters, but the protests growing out of the International Falls incident had an immediate effect. The Department found it necessary to instruct border patrolmen to exercise greater caution in the use of firearms, and it also ordered the withdrawal of the sawed-off shotguns with which such officers along the greater part of the Canadian border were armed.

The arming of patrolmen with these so-called riot guns is a piece of downright stupidity. They are the trench guns with which the American troops were armed during the World War, and against which the German government protested on the ground of their inhumanity. Each of the twelve-gauge shells used contains nine bullets, which begin to spread on leaving the barrel of the gun. Tests of the gun used in the Wirkkula killing showed that at a distance of from twenty to twenty-five feet the spread of the bullets was eight inches; at thirty-five feet, twelve inches; at forty to forty-five feet, from sixteen to twenty inches; and at seventy feet, thirty inches. Department officials state that agents are instructed to use these guns to disable fleeing automobiles by puncturing the tires or the gasoline tank. Because of the spread of the bullets, however, guns of this type obviously cannot be used to bring down a fleeing automobile without great risk of killing the occupants of the car; and no one has yet suggested that even a prohibition-law violator, not to say a person simply suspected of violation, should be shot down and killed in order to prevent his escape.

The stupidity of the Treasury Department in arming patrolmen in this way, however, is eclipsed by its downright dishonesty in investigating the Wirkkula shooting and exonerating Emmet White, the officer involved. In reporting this case for my newspaper, I witnessed this "investigation" at first hand.

The facts of the killing itself are not too complicated: Mr. Wirkkula, a confectioner of Big Falls, Minnesota, a small town some twenty-five miles south of the border, was returning to his home on the night of June 8 from International Falls, where he and his family had been visiting with relatives. His wife was with him in the front seat, while his two little daughters lay asleep in the rear seat of the car, a 1926 Packard touring car. They left International Falls at ten o'clock, driving very slowly, and after traveling some twenty-six miles in an hour and twenty minutes were suddenly hailed by a customs patrolman's sign ordering them to stop. Mrs. Wirkkula believes that her husband saw the sign, as she herself did. A light had been flashed on the sign by the patrolman holding it. On this point there is no dispute. The car, according to the patrolman who held the sign, was going only from ten to twelve miles an hour. It did not come to a stop. Whether the driver intended to stop or not is not known, but he had no motive in not stopping, since a thorough subsequent search of the car disclosed that it contained neither liquor nor any evidences of liquor.

E. A. Servine, the patrolman who displayed the sign, testified at the coroner's inquest that the car "accelerated its speed" as it passed him. He shouted for the car to stop, he said, but only once. It is possible that Mr. Wirkkula did not hear the command, as he was hard of hearing. As the car passed the sign without coming to a stop, Servine stated, he shouted to White, just ahead of him, "Let them have it. Shoot the tires." Just how far ahead of Servine his partner was is not certain.

Mrs. Wirkkula testified at the hearing that the first shot was fired when the rear of the car was about on a line with the patrolman's sign. In that she probably was mistaken. Servine stated that White was about fifteen feet from the car when he fired the first shot, but insisted that it was fired on the ground. Five empty shells were picked up from the road by the sheriff. It is certain that at least three charges from the gun struck the car; whether more cannot be ascertained. The lowest of twenty-six bullet holes in the automobile is a foot and a half above the gasoline tank and a foot above the top of the automobile tire.

An examination of the bullet holes in the car established the fact conclusively that the driver was killed by the first shot. Two bullets entered his neck and another his back, piercing the big muscle of the heart. Any one of the wounds was sufficient to cause death, the coroner said. The car, with the dead driver at the wheel, continued on the road for a few hundred feet and ran into a ditch. Had the car been going even moderately fast it unquestionably would have overturned. It did not, fortunately for the woman and the two little children. The gear of the car was found in neutral, which may or may not be an indication that the driver was bringing it to a stop.

How far away was the patrolman when he fired directly into a car containing a man and his wife and two children, with not the slightest intimation as to the identity of the occupants? An examination of the car shows that the first charge from the gun struck just to the right of the rear window, two or three of the bullets just hitting the glass. The cluster of nine holes, accounting for all the bullets contained in a shell, had a spread of less than seven inches. The gun tests, made by a government man, showed a spread of eight inches at a distance of from twenty to twenty-five feet.

Emmet White, the patrolman who did the shooting, was an expert rifleman, but was inexperienced in the cus-

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toms service, having joined the force only about a month previously. A manslaughter charge was placed against him by the State, but upon further investigation it was withdrawn and a murder charge was substituted. The State's attorney said that in all the instances known to him of shootings by officers of the law in such cases there was none in which the evidence pointed so strongly to an intent by the officer to do bodily injury.

The haste and excitement of the occasion should not be forgotten, and it should be remembered, as stated above, that White was inexperienced in customs patrol work. Even so, it would seem as though a man with several years of army experience, and known as an expert rifleman, should easily have been able to hit the tires or the gasoline tank and thus disable the car. So far as I could judge from the available evidence, it would seem likely that the first shot was fired directly into the car at the level of the driver's head, with the patrolman not more than twenty feet away, and perhaps as close as fifteen feet, as indicated by the spread of the bullets.

The published facts of the shooting, since branded by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Seymour Lowman as "highly colored to say the least," aroused public opinion throughout the country, and in the face of that opinion the government "investigated." It did not try, however, to ascertain the facts of the shooting, but rather investigated the record of the slain man—and this despite the fact that the patrolmen admittedly did not know who was in the car.

The first "partial exoneration" came from Assistant Collector of Customs N. A. Linderberg, stationed at Duluth, under whose charge the customs patrolmen operated, in an interview with the newspapermen after he had received the report of the patrolmen: "It may have been that Patrolman White was carrying out his duty."

> *Q.* Are your men under instruction to use firearms only in self-defense? *A.* That is right. We instruct them to fire only in self-defense.
>
> *Q.* Do you call it self-defense when a motorist refuses to stop? *A.* The law gives our patrolmen authority to use force to make a vessel or an automobile stop if orders to stop are not complied with.
>
> *Q.* Then your men do shoot at other times than in self-defense? *A.* Well, the law does not define force. We give our men a pistol and a shotgun and tell them to use their best judgment.

I happened to go to International Falls on the same train with Henry A. Roberts, Treasury Department special agent at St. Paul, who was sent to investigate the shooting. He had been in the service for several years and knew his business. On the way up he talked rather freely to myself and a correspondent for a Chicago newspaper and his intentions were evidently of the very best. He stated that he was going to interview all persons concerned, especially the widow of Mr. Wirkkula, and get at the facts. He examined the car, and that was evidence enough. "The shooting was wholly unjustified and unwarranted," he said, in the presence of several persons.

Then he went to interview the patrolmen and other government men. That night he left for Duluth to consult Mr. Linderberg. He did not interview Mrs. Wirkkula, the most important witness. He had been with government men all day. In the evening he was the personification of an honest man defeated. He was uncomfortably evasive in his answers, and when he arrived at Duluth he found it necessary to deny having said that the shooting was wholly unjustified and unwarranted. But he did a service nevertheless. He tested the gun used by White, and I feel confident that the order of the Treasury Department withdrawing the use of sawed-off shotguns by patrolmen was based on his report and recommendations.

The day following Mr. Roberts's departure from International Falls, Oscar Dahly, the ranking customs officer for the Minnesota district, arrived from Duluth, for the purpose of obtaining sufficient facts to make a "routine report," as he said, to his department. He stated that he was not making a full investigation because Mr. Lowman, he understood, was going to send special investigators. He interviewed the two patrolmen and the sheriff, but not the widow. the only person outside the officers who could give competent testimony.

Although other customs men were under orders to say nothing, Mr. Dahly consented to an interview with the newspapermen. In this interview he exhibited a woeful ignorance of the weapons used by patrolmen—and this after he had assembled sufficient facts for his "routine report"; but he was delightfully frank, especially considering his statement: "I suppose that Washington does not want me to talk about this happening."

Mr. Dahly was told of the experiments conducted with the gun the day previously and of the spread of the bullets at various distances, and this conversation followed: "I really did not know that—I am surprised."

> *Q.* Who is responsible for the issuance of these guns to the customs patrolmen? *A.* I suppose the Department in Washington. I naturally assume that. They give the orders and we merely follow them.
>
> *Q.* Was Patrolman White familiar with the handling of sawed-off shotguns? *A.* He just told me at the county jail that he was not—had never used one before.

So far as I can learn, the report to the Treasury Department was based on one or all of the foregoing three "investigations" in which not a single government man took the trouble to interview Mrs. Wirkkula. On this basis Mr. Lowman issued his statement exonerating Patrolman White and declaring that he has a defense. Had the government admitted that a young and inexperienced customs officer lost his head and fired into an automobile containing a man, a woman, and two small children, killing the man, there perhaps might have been a measure of sympathy extended to the patrolman, and at least some respect for the Department. But instead, the Department exonerated the patrolman and announced that it will move to transfer his case from the State to the United States court, where in fact the chances of conviction are not so great.

But it investigated fully the dead man's record and found that at one time he had been convicted of a violation of the prohibition law. It will make the most of that fact and is already making the most of it, even though it has nothing to do with the case, since Wirkkula was not hauling liquor on the night he was slain and the patrolmen in any case did not know who he was. Such a defense is dishonest, but apparently the Department is determined to save its own face in defending its agent.

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'Tis of Them

By WILLIAM SEAGLE

OUT in the more backward States the legislatures have long been regarded as so many art academies. Each legislator is *arbiter elegantiarum* and a true Maecenas ex officio. The native geniuses know no greater recognition than to be acclaimed by the supreme legislatures of their States. One of the most absorbing problems now exercising the legislators in their character of academicians is the selection and adoption of official State songs by act of law. The logic of the movement is inescapable. The nation has its "Star-Spangled Banner." Are not the several States sovereign and independent, too, save in those spheres specially granted and reserved to the federal government? Is the doctrine of States' rights but an empty and meaningless formula?

I

The history of the present agitation may be traced back properly to "Maryland, my Maryland." Born during the Civil War of the Baltimore riots of 1861, it swept into popular favor at once. Although never adopted by the Maryland Legislature, it became recognized indisputably as the Maryland State song. Before "Maryland, my Maryland" there had been various songs which had great currency in different States, but they had never been regarded as official anthems in the same way that State seals and State flags may be said to be official. The envy of "Maryland, my Maryland" which arose in other States in the course of the years was pathetic. Many had no events in their histories which could inspire the fervid emotions that create State songs, but a few quite early resolved to have such songs even if they should have to be as synthetic as gin under prohibition. At this stage, "Maryland, my Maryland" was inevitably the model. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said he regretted that a "Massachusetts, my Massachusetts" would not quite do.

But Iowa had a native son, Major H. M. Byers, who had no such scruples, and in 1911 he composed the "Song of Iowa" after "Maryland, my Maryland" and the legislature hastened to adopt it as the official State song of Iowa. One cannot but feel that the gallant Major adulterated the martial spirit of "Maryland, my Maryland" with a far softer sentiment:

> And she has maids whose laughing eyes,
> Iowa, O Iowa,
> To him who loves were Paradise,
> Iowa, O Iowa,
> O happiest fate that e'er was known,
> Such eyes to shine for one alone,
> To call such beauty all his own,
> Iowa, O Iowa,

Two years later, in 1913, the Florida Legislature after due deliberation adopted as the State song "Florida, my Florida," a composition written in 1894 by the Rev. Dr. C. V. Waugh, for many years professor of languages in the old Florida Agricultural College at Lake City. Of this song the Florida Legislature declared in the act of adoption: "The said song has both metrical and patriotic merit of the kind calculated to inspire love for home and native State." The Florida boom might have begun much sooner if the North had been better acquainted with this immortal song:

> Thy golden fruit the world outshines,
> Florida, my Florida,
> Thy gardens and thy phosphate mines,
> Florida, my Florida,
> Yield their rich store of good supply,
> To still the voice of hunger's cry—
> For thee we'll live, for thee we'll die,
> Florida, my Florida.
>
> The oppressor's rod can't rest on thee,
> Florida, my Florida,
> Thy sons and daughters free must be,
> Florida, my Florida,
> From North and South, from East and West,
> From freezing blasts they come to rest,
> And find in thee their earnest quest,
> Florida, my Florida.

II

But, after all, there are at most only eight States in the Union which have names that scan the same way as Maryland. A pessimist surveying at this time the resources of most of the States for the creation of State songs might have been depressed. The picture would be gloomy, indeed, if one considered alone the defalcation of the poets-laureate. They had been appointed in such States as Colorado, Nebraska, Kentucky, Vermont, Georgia, and North Carolina. One might expect that they would shrink from the job of praising a Democratic governor one term and a Republican the next, but that when it came to the composition of official State songs they would leap at the chance. But where, for instance, during all these years had been Professor J. T. C. Noe of Kentucky, or F. L. Stanton of Georgia, or Mrs. Nellie B. Miller of Colorado? Alas, they had shirked their jobs to a man and woman, and not a single one of the official State songs that we now possess is owing to their exertions.

But fortunately the very same year which saw the adoption of "Florida, my Florida" witnessed the acclaim of Paul Dresser's "On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away." It is too familiar to need quoting. It quickly became popular not only in Indiana, but all over the country, and the alert and enthusiastic Indiana Legislature hastened to make it the official State song by law. "On the Banks of the Wabash" may be said to have lent the necessary impetus to the craze for State songs which is now raging in full fury. The envy caused by "Maryland, my Maryland" was as nothing.

To a certain extent the legislatures had already taken the first steps. In the great majority of States they had adopted official State flowers, and here and there State birds. They had thus settled the appropriate aspects of the State landscapes to be featured in any State song. The

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situation therefore was not especially difficult, especially when one considers that so much can be accomplished by the inauguration of contests. As a result of official, semi-official, and quasi-official State song contests, all over the country the lyricists, including spinsters, housewives, teachers, veterans, and members of the bar, have begun to sweat and hundreds of State songs have been produced.

Up to the present time no less than fifteen State legislatures have adopted official State songs. It is difficult to choose favorite lines. Of the fifteen songs, five are from the Far West where the scenery is gorgeous. Its magnificence of mountain, gorge, and desert is nobly sung in "O Fair New Mexico," words and music by Elizabeth Garrett. Its chorus is practically irresistible:

O fair New Mexico,
We love, we love you so;
Our hearts with pride o'erflow
No matter where we go.

O fair New Mexico,
We love, we love you so,
The grandest State to know,
New Mexico.

But perhaps the sweetest and most ineffable of all the State songs belongs to Arizona. It is entitled "Arizona," with words by Margaret Rowe Clifford and music by Maurice Blumenthal:

Sing the song that's in your hearts,
Sing of the great Southwest,
Thank God for Arizona,
In splendid sunshine dressed,
For thy beauty and thy grandeur,
For thy regal robes so sheen,
We hail thee, Arizona,
Our goddess and our Queen.

As might be expected, the lyricists have given honorable mention to the State flowers. Thus all through the Colorado State song, "Where the Columbines Grow," words and music by A. J. Flynn, the composer has shrewdly featured the Colorado State flower. It is the climax of every verse:

The war-whoop reechoes no longer,
The Indian's only a name,
And the nymphs of the grove
In their loneliness rove,
But the Columbine blooms just the same.

But, alas, the 1927 legislative session in Nebraska proved that lyricists will, after all, have to proceed with caution in introducing the State flower. A bill was offered to adopt as a State song "Nebraska, my Native Land," composed by two Wayne residents. It contained references to the goldenrod, which is the official State flower in Nebraska. The debate was proceeding favorably when suddenly one of the Representatives rose to his feet: "Every time I see these words I get hay-fever," he cried desperately; "I'm opposed to this song for that reason. I have had enough of the goldenrod around my back yard, and I don't want to see the word, even, any more. If this is the native song, I'm going to the mountains." Fortunately, however, the great majority of State legislators are more tractable and patriotic.

The other State songs are "Arkansas," words and music by Mrs. Eva Ware Barnett, of Little Rock; "Our Delaware," words by George B. Hynson, music by Will M. S. Brown; "Georgia," words by Robert Loveman, music by Lollie Belle Wylie; "Illinois," words by C. H. Chamberlin, to the air "Baby Mine"; "My Old Kentucky Home," that great favorite, by Stephen Collins Foster; "The Old North State," words by Judge William Gaston, sung to an old German folk-song (incidentally it was adopted by the 1927 Legislature against the vigorous protest of all the leading musicians of North Carolina); "Oregon, my Oregon," words by J. A. Buchanan, music by Henry B. Miartagh; "My Homeland, Tennessee," words by Nell Grayson Taylor, music by Roy Lamont Smith; and "Utah, We Love Thee," words and music by Evans Stephens, written originally for the triumphant occasion of the admission of Utah to the Union. All these songs are in their own peculiar ways no less sublime than the ones already quoted. Ironically, "Maryland, my Maryland," the most authentic of the State songs, still is such only by common usage, and even more ironically "The Star-Spangled Banner," the national anthem, has never been adopted as such by act of Congress.

III

The legislatures which thus far have refused their imprimatur to State songs must not be taken in most cases to be unfavorable to such legislation per se. They simply find it difficult to make up their minds. It is obvious that the trouble in such States arises from an excess of talent. All the songs submitted to the legislatures appear so good that it seems unfair to single one out above the rest, and give it that authority which is lent by a legislative act. Particularly in Texas is the legislative selection of a State song one of the most agitated questions of the day. In 1925, Governor Neff made it the subject of a special message to the legislature. As a result of a $1,000 prize offered, no less than 286 songs were submitted, including one from Brazil and one from Italy. A legislative committee commissioned to pass on the lyrics has thus far been unable to make up its mind, and has been continued by the 1927 Legislature. But it has indicated that it considers the best songs thus far submitted to be "Texas, our Texas," by Gladys Jackson Wright and William J. Marsh of Fort Worth. At any rate, as the song is the running favorite, we must not fail to quote a few lines:

Texas, our Texas!
All hail the mighty State!
Texas, our Texas,
So wonderful, so great!

Largest and grandest,
Withstanding every test,
O Empire wide and glorious,
You stand supremely blest.

The worst feature of the situation regarding State songs is the levity with which legislators treat so serious a subject. Sometimes they force the sponsor of the bill to sing the song for them. Sometimes they permit the author and composer of the song to sing it in special audition. Again, the Clerk of the Senate or the House may be picked for the performance. Legislators, however, are generally conscientious and scrupulous men, and when they have a question under consideration, they strive to decide it upon its merits.

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Since it is impossible really to decide whether a State song is good without also hearing it played, they have begun, since the systematic inauguration of State song contests, to find the piano indispensable to their deliberations. Thus far they have confined themselves to renting it as needed. But the time is apparently not far distant when that instrument will have become just as much a regular part of the legislative equipment as the gavel and the cuspidor.

In the Driftway

MENTION was made in this column a few weeks ago of one of the literary gems of Amos H. Barnett, who serves the Nation Press as treasurer and funny man and from time to time sends out circulars to clients, would-be clients, and have-been clients, designed to reduce sales resistance, stimulate consumer demand, or perform other tricks for which advertising exists. The Drifter had not intended to return to the subject because, although he was at pains to mention that the Nation Press was doing business at 57 New Chambers Street in the city and county of New York, nobody from that office called around with a black bag filled with gratitude for the advertisement. Besides, the Drifter understands that Arthur F. Requa and Albert E. Bockelman, president and assistant treasurer, respectively, of the Nation Press, were green with envy because Barney was mentioned in this plinth of piety and they were not. It is easy to understand how Requa was omitted, because at the time he was probably out of the office collecting bills or drumming up trade—he is good at both—but it is hard to explain how Al Bockelman was overlooked. For Al is not only assistant treasurer (in regard to which his duties are probably not onerous) but he is the foreman of the composing-room and stands six feet two in his shirt-sleeves. As he always is in his shirt-sleeves he is about as hard to miss in the scenery of the Nation Press as the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. Anyhow, if the Drifter lives long enough, he is going to mention both Requa and Al some day, and he may add a word about John McGilvray who, as foreman of the press-room and midwife at the birth of *The Nation* every week, enables teeming millions to read this column for the modest price of fifteen cents a copy or $5 a year (for book offers and other premiums consult the circulation department).

* * * * *

BUT to return to Barney, who has been left in a moth-eaten bathing suit clinging to a slippery rock in this Niagara of words, he has just issued a platform for farm relief as sensible as any which the Drifter has noted—whatever that may mean. Barney doesn't get much business from farmers, and so doesn't care any more about them than do the politicians in Washington, but in his long summer evenings he likes to speculate on the misfortunes of "the backbone of America" and suggests that you wire your Senator advocating the following program of relief:

1. Propagate more tomato worms and potato bugs, which will cut down the crop, which will raise the price.
2. Make the style in female figures plump instead of waspish; get your 25,000,000 hungry girls between 16 and 46 to catch up on what they've lost the last five years in pork chops, boiled potatoes, and apple pie.
3. Increase the length of hot-dogs to a minimum of ten inches, and make it compulsory for the buttered roll to extend an inch beyond the dog on either end, and make the man put some butter on the roll.
4. Increase the depth and diameter of store pie 100 per cent.
5. Popularize the slogan, "Reach for a peck of carrots instead of a cigarette."
6. Introduce "bale-of-spinach" week, during which every patriotic citizen will consume a bale or feed it to the children.

* * * * *

THE Drifter indorses all of this program except "bale-of-spinach" week. Like the modern child, he loathes spinach, and for the same reason—it's good for him. There is an old yarn about a retired sailor who had himself called at six o'clock every morning just for the pleasure of telling the messenger where he could go and rolling over for another two hours of sleep. Likewise when the modern child grows up, he will probably order spinach served at every meal in three ways—just for the fun of refusing them all.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

From the Gastonia Jail

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is typewritten from the Gaston County jail. I am allowed the use of a typewriter and the privilege of writing and receiving as many letters as I wish. "Hysteria and hate" have been ruling Gastonia ever since the National Textile Workers Union began organizational work to increase the extremely low wages and lessen the very long hours of the terribly exploited textile workers in the South. This hysteria and hate is confined, however, to Manville-Jenckes and their "Committee of One Hundred" thugs and gunmen, the Chamber of Commerce, peanut politicians and hangers-on, the manufacturers-controlled press, and some of the local police who are in the habit of getting drunk and amusing themselves running around shooting up people.

It is true that my life was in danger, that I came near being shot or lynched on the night of June 8, but it is only a half truth to say that the officers who had me handcuffed to a striker saved my life. There was no necessity to bring me through Gastonia on the way to Monroe. These officers know the ones that held me up (one of the hold-ups wore a dress suit). Why were not these gunmen arrested? Because as usual it is a one-sided "law and order," the bosses' law and order. However, this was not the first time my life has been threatened. I have received telephone calls in Gastonia to get out of town in twenty-four hours' time or suffer the consequences—notes likewise. There was a full-page advertisement in the Gastonia *Gazette* urging the citizenry to commit violent acts upon me. Paul Blanshard in one of his articles in *The Nation* truthfully wrote that I had to have an armed guard nights as I slept, but the vast majority of the citizens of Gastonia and Gaston community paid little attention to these cries. The lying newspapers of this region were and are now entirely on the side of the manufacturers, with the exception of the Raleigh *News and Observer* and the Greensboro *News*.

Gastonia, North Carolina FRED ERWIN BEAL

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High Treason

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to call the attention of your readers to the amazing ill fate which has just befallen Halldor Kiljan Laxness in our City of the Angels. Mr. Laxness is a distinguished novelist of Iceland, the author of eight books, some of which have been translated into English. He came to live in the sunshine of Southern California about a year and a half ago. All went well until he sent an article to the *Althydubladid* (Paper of the People), published in Reykjavik, leading city of Iceland, dealing with Upton Sinclair and his recent publications, in which he said: "Mr. Sinclair's last book, 'Boston,' deals with the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti and the legal process leading to it. These two innocent workingmen were executed last year after continuous sufferings and torture for seven years, and this judicial misdeed has provoked the horror of all the civilized world."

That was too much for the immigration authorities to stand, when the article came to their attention. They haled Mr. Laxness to their offices here in the Federal building, first on May 31 and a second time about the middle of June, quizzing him for nearly an hour on each occasion. They told him that he had gone too far, that they wanted people here who were content with the government; they took his passport away from him, and said the matter would be reported to Washington and that he would probably be deported. He was released on his own recognizance, without bond. Mr. John Beardsley, an attorney in Los Angeles, now has this case in charge, as representative of the Southern California Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, 1022 California Building, Los Angeles, California.

Pasadena, California, June 29 Upton Sinclair

Hats Off!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Ales Hrdlicka, curator of the division of physical anthropology at the National Museum in Washington, in a recent forecast of the development of the human race for the next "few thousand years," declares that "the hair of the head will probably be further weakened." The prospect of increasing baldness is not cheering to either human self-respect or comfort. If there can be found any possible preventive of so unattractive a cranial denouement in human evolution, may we not investigate its claims without prejudice? Abandoning easy resort to ridicule and the fear of changing cherished habits, we might consider profitably, I believe, a possible connection between the advance of baldness and the wearing of hats out of doors at all times and seasons.

I have been trying, Mr. Editor, to judge the exhibits of hatless pioneering impartially, and as a result I find that a large proportion of the hatless pedestrians whom I pass in New York possess the finest heads of hair I have seen in this country. Thick, wavy, and healthy "thatches" they often are indeed, and a pleasure to look at, as well as calculated to arouse the envy of those whose thinning crowns are already fulfilling Professor Hrdlicka's dismal prophecy. If the comely ornament of the uncovered heads of our time be at least in part achieved by liberating them from closely fitting and burdensome "lids," and permitting instead free access to the open air and violet rays, then it looks even to reluctant judgment as though Mother Nature herself were approving.

New York, July 3 Eliot White

A Woman Worker Protests

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter appearing in your issue of June 26, Mr. Robert J. Caldwell makes statements about the productivity per capita here and in Europe and says that employers have found it more profitable to pay high wages, thus developing the buying power of the people. If that is so, why are the employers cutting the wages all over the United States and laying off men to rehire them at lower rates, or hiring women and very young men who are cheaper? In my own experience I have been told to do heavy work which I did not consider fit for a woman when there were men around doing lighter work. At that men are paid more for doing the same kind of work. When I have protested at this heavy work I have been told that other women are doing it all the time, so why should I object.

Not only are low wages prevalent in the factories but in the stores as well. A girl or woman must be well dressed, courteous, and on her feet all day, not to speak of selling enough goods to keep her job, for the magnificent sum of fifteen dollars a week. In some of the cheaper stores it is twelve dollars. Fifteen dollars a week naturally means a low standard of living unless the salesgirl is living at home. Here, too, men get more than women for the same kind of work. Even with the factory wage running from seventeen to twenty-five dollars a week, when one needs dental work or optical work it means very rigid budgeting and actual going without other necessaries to plan these extra expenses. How these women who have children to support, manage, I do not know.

Detroit, Michigan, June 30 Marjorie Losano

The *Nation* Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—570 K.
July 22—Mr. Blanshard
July 29—Mr. Mussey

Contributors to This Issue

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., is professor at the Harvard Law School.

Abraham I. Harris is on the staff of the St. Paul *Dispatch*.

William Seagle has written many articles on the foibles of the State legislatures which have appeared in the *American Mercury* and *Plain Talk*.

Gwendolen Haste divided *The Nation* poetry prize in 1922.

Henry Raymond Mussey is managing editor of *The Nation*.

Zona Gale is the author of "Portage, Wisconsin" and other essays.

Worthington C. Ford is the editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Miriam Allen de Ford wrote The War Against Evolution in *The Nation* of May 20, 1925.

C. Hartley Grattan is the author of "Bitter Bierce."

J. Dana Tasker writes reviews for various magazines and periodicals.

Vithaldas K. Bhuta is a resident of Bombay.

Alexander Bakshy, author of several books on the theater, writes on motion pictures for *The Nation*.

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Books and Drama

Ophidia

By GWENDOLEN HASTE

Lifting dark beside the trail,
Blotched by the pale
Sunlight sifting down cedars;
Mark of beast—stir of bee—
But here no least foot of man has beaten track,
And the traveler shudders back
From the narrow needled floor.
This is a door into legend,
Tales of men caught among patterned horror,
Before caverns painted with sun,
With clubbed gun a slack weapon
Rasping a last breath
In swollen death.

Let the mild cedars roar
Over the cushioned floor
While the tales pour
Down the wind from that place of bright caverns,
Down paths known only to wild feet and the dead—
The dread touch of life that lies in the sunlight alone,
Warm on a stone.

A Billion Wild Horses

Men and Machines. By Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

DRIVING a billion wild horses—it is this that Stuart Chase, in his exciting book, "Men and Machines," pictures us as doing. Men come first in his title and in his thought. What have machines done to and for them? What can they make machines do? Can they really control these hitherto untamed monsters? It is strange that so little actual investigation has thus far been given to such questions; for the whole future of the human race hangs on the answers. But for the most part machines have been studied hitherto by engineers who were chiefly interested in better machines, or by business men whose interest was profits and not welfare, or occasionally by economists who could not write English or any other language. Mr. Chase is different. With an indisposition to accept sweeping generalizations of any sort, a voracious appetite for significant concrete facts, and an ability to paint vivid pictures in words, he has written a book which the everyday man of intelligence will read with interest and pleasure, and from which he will learn more sound economics and sound sense than is to be derived from most of the portentous tomes on our library shelves.

Mr. Chase neither takes part in the machine panegyric of our contemporary rejoicers nor joins the threnody of the machine-haters. Instead, he tries, as far as our imperfect information allows, to show the actual measure of praise and blame that we may rightly attach to this new servant and master of ours. He concludes that the robots of industry—our factory slave machine-tenders—do not exceed 5 per cent of the total population, as compared with the twelve million slaves required to support Greece's five million freemen. If machinery has displaced the old handicraft skill, it has brought in a dozen new human powers for every one it has destroyed; it has given the middle-class woman boredom in place of her old skill, however, and that is sheer loss.

Mr. Chase, in the excellent company of John Stuart Mill, doubts whether machines have really saved labor. Modern industry, he says, is "whittling away manfully at production costs, which are often relatively small, and doing rather worse than nothing at distribution costs, which are relatively large." That is the fault, however, of our going economic scheme, not of the machine. Machinery has lately been throwing men out of work by the hundred thousand—"technological unemployment" is our charming name for the phenomenon. But once more we ought to blame, not the machine, but our own lack of enough intelligence to devise a sane economy.

The flood of goods that overwhelms us is composed not of the old staples but of new goods, and refinements of old ones. If we are not "housed more spaciously, fed more heartily, or clothed or shod more voluminously," "we certainly are housed more glitteringly, fed more variously, and clothed more diaphanously," while every house has its garage, radio, telephone and electric wires. Much of the new stuff is useless or worse, much of poor quality, but it is doubtful whether quality as a whole is declining. What we need—and here is one of Mr. Chase's many useful concrete suggestions—is to determine just which articles can be made better and cheaper, taking everything into account, by machine and which by hand. "With less clamoring salesmanship, slower fashion changes, why should we not have better clothes, boots, housing, recreation facilities, foodstuffs, printed matter—fabricated in whole or in part by machines whose technological limits have been respected, not outraged and betrayed by bungling profiteers?"

The artistic count against the machine is by no means wholly sustained. To be sure, in the early industrial era, things were pretty terrible artistically, but the past half century has seen a notable new vitality in almost all the arts. What says the critic to our best modern skyscrapers? Yet it remains true that we have done nothing to bring back to the common man the arts taken from him by the machine.

As for play, the machine has done it great damage. Who would not agree, in view of the way we like to spend our leisure time, in being done something to, rather than in doing something genuinely recreational? Yet even here our author is not quite hopeless of breaking through the commercialized amusements that now "decreate" us.

The charge that machinery is standardizing everything and everybody Mr. Chase subjects to keen examination, with interesting results. He maintains, and rightly, that the machine has been the greatest destroyer of standards in history. Old China was standardized to a degree of which modern America cannot dream. None the less, the machine has helped the profit-makers create temporary standards of consumption, often ugly ones, so that we all eat and dress and live alike—but tomorrow we shall all change our ways. It is not one dead level, but at worst, maybe, one live level. This whole question of standardization needs a deal more study, and this book suggests more than one interesting line of investigation.

Concerning most of the ordinary questions about machines, then, Mr. Chase's answers are much qualified. Like most observers of fact in such matters, he paints his pictures in a great variety of shades. Three great and unrelieved dangers, however, he does see in the machine—mechanized warfare, "technological tenuousness" (the growing danger arising out of mechanical specialization), and the drain on natural resources.

Mechanized warfare, he believes, is actually likely to wipe belligerent peoples off the earth, and he soberly raises the question whether the next great war will not be over in two hours, by which time airplanes loaded with unbelievably deadly gases

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(which are already in our hands) will have wiped out the principal cities of the warring nations. It is a sobering question, but it has little effect on our admirals.

Second, Mr. Chase questions whether the increasing complexity and consequent interdependence of our machine civilization may not lead to a breakdown due to a stoppage somewhere at some time. He lists a score of paralytic trades, as he calls them, whose stoppage of work would bring life to a standstill. Some day a trifling earthquake, a strike, or a struggle between two business groups may really cut an industrial nerve, as England's general strike in 1926 came near doing, and then we shall die by the million.

Finally, there is the drain on our natural resources. It is an old theme, and notwithstanding our talk about the miracles of science, we still live in a fool's paradise. To take a single dramatic example, what of the stability of a material civilization based, as our automobile civilization is, on an oil supply to which the experts give a life of less than a generation? These three great dangers, then, Mr. Chase holds must be squarely faced and he is not without concrete suggestions for meeting them.

Summing it all up: "As I study the schedules, I incline to the belief that machinery has so far brought more misery than happiness into the world. It has, however, brought the fresh winds of change, and with them, vitality and invigoration. . . . If the triple menaces of war, technological tenuousness, and failure of natural resources can be forestalled, and some sort of conscious functional control inaugurated, perhaps in another generation the net balance may fall on the other side."

Slowly, in the face of fierce opposition from uncontrolled and short-sighted business interests which do not yet see beyond their own nose, we are making our way toward that conscious functional control; it is the alternative to perdition.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Grain of Truth

The Letters of Katherine Mansfield. Edited by J. Middleton Murry. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $7.50.

ONE reads well into the first volume of Katherine Mansfield's letters and is pleased with a mind that can play over life as a flame plays, lighting to color a smooth metal, bright or dull. One leaves the second volume aware that one has been played upon oneself by a fire.

To the eye of modernism such as Miss Mansfield's, a vast flatness is evident in the modernism-in-time attitudes. In juxtaposition to her willing regard, an indiscriminate skepticism becomes sheer sentimentality, becomes a mummer's mask, worn to hide the ineffectual—or to heighten confessedly faint gifts.

It is not that she is looking for the "good" in life. It is that she has a kind of well-bred willingness to see the possible intention, to include catastrophe as, say, a "rage of art," and in general to make allowances for life as might a week-end guest in a house not yet organized and running smoothly. She causes shrill and indignant outcries against fate to seem the bad table manners of the very young. Even the groans of the inadvertently wounded are taken in the attitude of hunters toward one of their number who comes a cropper—a regrettable occurrence but not one, by some reproachable essence, devilishly contrived. She has the artist's sense of the temporary value of the dissonance, though she herself may be the discord. She has had the artist's swift sense of bewilderment "as though one were caught in a cloud of rushing birds."

It is impossible therefore to comment on these letters as anything save as a record of Katherine Mansfield's attitude toward life, of her own particular thirty-four-year quest for truth, and her finding of truth in love, laughter, friends, and above all in the response to herself of every thing, animate and inanimate. The letters are the intimation of the fashion in which one organism integrated itself into life, by experiencing other particles, literally, as if it were they. This method, the letters bear tacit testimony, is probably the principal technique so far uncovered for heightening a particular awareness of the general movement of being. And it is a technique in which laughter bears a serious share.

This is not to say that Katherine Mansfield's letters are the letters of one who loves life on any terms. Rather, they are the letters of one who sees life moving, and whose preoccupation in the reaches of this process are so intense that she doesn't bother too much about anything else.

"And if someone rebels and says that life isn't good enough on those terms," she writes [I forget the terms], "one can only say *It is.*" This ranges with William James's "I'll bet it's worth while," not as a facile acceptance, but as possibly shrewd divination which, as about oracles, we may as well weigh—perhaps as art's grain of truth. But "One must tell everything, everything," Katherine Mansfield writes. "It is after all the only treasure, the only heirloom we have to leave, our own little grain of truth." She has left her own. Ill, fevered, exhausted, exiled, facing death, she held her power to behold.

> I was looking at some leaves yesterday—idly looking, and suddenly I became conscious of them, of the amazing "freedom" with which they were "drawn"—of the life of each curve—but not as something *outside oneself,* but as part of one. . . . I feel as though one received . . . the leaves into one's physical being.

The core of the value of her legacy of letters is that she quickens the perception of everyone who reads. If ever life is momentarily stale, one has only to open her letters to sense this man in a green hat within one's own horizon, and that vast respectable woman with chins; or to feel clover and grass; or to be fat pillows, sunning themselves on a weathered box. With the specialist's power of discernment, she is somehow able to make of discernment a general power, a common faculty. Without ever writing a word about the vision of the artist becoming in time the vision of all, she merely quietly stimulates all who read her to share in that elusive vision.

Therefore she is but secondarily—as she might have wished—the writer's writer, the artist's writer. But she is not the less a supreme treasure house for those who try to write, to paint, to "create." For her gorgeous realism is nothing but raw material. Always her business is transmutation.

> When I write about ducks I swear that I am a white duck with a round eye, floating on a pond fringed with yellow blobs and taking an occasional dart at the other duck with the round eye which floats upside down beneath it. In fact the whole process of becoming the duck (what Lawrence would perhaps call this consummation with the duck or the apple) is so thrilling that I can hardly breathe, only to think about it. For though that is as far as most people get, it is really only the "prelude." There follows the moment when you are *more* duck, *more* apple, or more Natasha than any of these objects could ever possibly be, and so you *create* them anew.
>
> . . . that is why I believe in technique too. I do just because I don't see how art is going to make that divine *spring* into the bounding outline of things if it hasn't passed through the process of trying to become these things before re-creating them.

And to Virginia Woolf she writes: "Your Flower Bed [Kew Gardens] is *very* good. There's a still quivering changing light over it all, and a sense of those couples dissolving in bright air which fascinates me. . . ."

Somewhere in such words as these lies her secret, her grain

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of truth for the one who writes, reads, lives; her challenge to other organisms to become more aware.

Also, her honesty is like cold, bright air. A species of Christ to moderns is this one, who can be, on occasion so joyous, ironic, and sharp-edged, and who says, again and again in this form or in that: "And I *long* for goodness—to live by what is permanent in the soul."

Her end proved this need, at Fontainebleau, where she went seeking more than health alone. But she had always a laughing distaste of words too heavy-handed. She could write, "I feel I must keep in close touch with God," but she was more likely to say: "It is difficult to live from one's center of being in London."

Besides extending human consciousness, these two volumes afford a thousand pages of amusement. ZONA GALE

Rhodes as Historian

James Ford Rhodes: American Historian. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

JAMES FORD RHODES won an enviable reputation as a writer of history by his first volumes. That reputation served to carry him through life, softening the criticism which his later volumes suggested of inadequate investigation and careless treatment of subject. He never claimed to be a philosophic historian, and he believed a philosophic history demanded qualities he did not possess and gave results quite other than his own. In explaining the methods used in writing his volumes he showed his limitations more clearly than his merits, and he never asserted an ambition to accomplish more than he had performed, or outline another method for improving what he had accomplished. Little difference of opinion exists on his work. Thorough in investigation, balanced in the proportion of topic, eminently fair in its judgment of men and incident, a style admirably adapted to its purpose—even that does not sum up the merits of his undertaking. Of special importance was the time of publication. It came when the bitterness between North and South had well-nigh exhausted itself and when both sides could welcome a calm, well-documented, and quite readable story of the War of Secession, stated with so apparent a desire to be unprejudiced as to seem like a new statement of an old story which had become tiresome from its involved, unreasonable hatreds and unexplained differences of opinion. Rhodes took a position that won recognition from all—even the most prejudiced. If faults have been found they have not affected the broad and generous treatment of the subject; if serious omissions have been pointed out, they are such as called for a knowledge or material he did not possess, and such as did not reduce the value of his accomplishment.

If that was his life work, what was the man? Mr. Howe, in letting Rhodes tell his own story, has shown great skill and his usual sensitive judgment in selecting the essentials. In place of describing a long succession of triumphs in eulogistic terms he has given the steps by which Rhodes deliberately planned to write, the exercise in style he imposed upon himself, his first advances, and his final success. For the iron merchant of Cleveland started with little that promised a career of letters. Hard discipline and long preparation developed his powers and gave him his occupation. He deserved the success which came to him in so full a measure, yet the days of a writer are not apt to be eventful. Naturally Mr. Howe looks to the social conditions surrounding Rhodes.

In leaving Cleveland and settling first in Cambridge and then in Boston, Rhodes showed his sense of relation. He came to be better known as a Boston than as an Ohio product. Singularly modest and of marked social qualities, he won a high position in a community somewhat fixed in its standards and not readily open to outside influences. He was not extreme in his politics and frankly acknowledged his lapses from party allegiance; he was free from the inherited opinions that have set New England apart; he was a wide and judicious reader, and talked well on what he read; he was an eager questioner and could flatter the questioned by admitting his own ignorance. All these qualities made for success, and he soon found a place in the most exclusive circles and dining clubs of Boston, which furnished him an atmosphere perfectly congenial to his wishes. At home and abroad he received appreciation and rewards to repletion. On the whole it was a remarkable career of unbroken advance, until ill health interfered and gave to his last years a color of pathos.

Quotation will not help to an understanding of the man; the life must be taken as a whole, and Mr. Howe has told the story in such a manner as to indicate the weaknesses as well as the strength. Rhodes's position as an historian is already assailed, and few in these days will face the reading of his series of volumes. Yet he accomplished a great task in a praiseworthy manner, and that accomplishment may well serve as an example to others.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

The Mind of a Criminal

Stealing Through Life. By Ernest Booth. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE chief drawback to the work of the criminologist has been, up to date, the absence of articulate clinical material. The criminal has been viewed objectively, but seldom or never has revealed himself subjectively. Books have been written by convicts, true—many of them. But either they have been the work of political or industrial prisoners, who are not criminals in any true sense, or they have been concerned principally with the prison experiences of their writers. From Berkman's "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist" (and before), to Robert Joyce Tasker's "Grimhaven," issued last year, that has been true. Even Jack Black, looking back over a finished criminal career, is only an apparent exception.

Now for the first time, in the words of a writer of native power, we have the actual workings of the mind of a criminal. Ernest Booth is a professional, if he is not a congenital, criminal. His trained profession or trade has been robbery; he has been bred to no other, and any other occupations in which he may momentarily have been engaged have been incidental. In "Stealing Through Life" he has given us the sober, almost casual, record of an extra-legal career. Some of this story has already appeared in magazine-article form; one of the episodes has even been tortured into the false outlines of a motion picture. But here is the whole tale, unvarnished and open. The result is a book which cannot be ignored by any serious student of the criminal mind, any more than it will be neglected by those simply curious about the psychology of a world so like and yet so unlike their own.

The day when ten-year-old Ernest, running away with Buddy, met his first arrest, was a crucial point in his career—more crucial than even he seems to suspect. It fixed the norm of his life: it divided the world into those who follow the dull code, and those who defy it. It broke down the instinctive terror of law-breaking whose very cowardice keeps most of us on strictly respectable paths. From that event his life flowed naturally to its expected culmination as a life-prisoner in a California penitentiary. What its future may be depends on many extraneous factors. But the essential facts of Ernest Booth's past and present—modified only by the accident of an

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acute intelligence and a born gift for strong and sturdy narrative—lie within the covers of this book; and together with them lie (allowing for the same modifications) the essential facts about every professional criminal.

What evasions and alterations of literal fact are in the book are very unimportant. The inner and important truths are straitly adhered to. Since its writing, Booth, like the other prison writers of California, has been forbidden by a ruling of the State Prison Board from publishing any more of his work. With some of these authors, as with Tasker, for example, this merely means a delay of a few years. With Booth it may be a far more serious impediment. Another completed work, and a third in the process of making, which follow on the events of "Stealing Through Life," are being withheld by this ruling. But whether Booth is ever able to round out his story or not, he has already, in this single volume, performed a notable service. The book, Booth himself says, constitutes "an effort to work out the fundamental causes which brought me to prison. . . . If the so-called 'crime-wave' is due to such criminals as I have met, . . . then to calm that wave . . . is but a matter of intelligent application of simple changes which, I believe, are all too obvious."

But this piece of a man's life has further value than as a mere case-book for criminologists. It reveals very plainly a new and genuine talent in American literature. That this talent has grown to fruition in a prison-cell is a mere accident; whatever the circumstances of Booth's career it must have come to light by this, his thirtieth year. There are passages in "Stealing Through Life" which challenge comparison with the best that has been done of recent years in English prose. The book has its lesser moments: but it is by his best that we judge a writer. And the not infrequent best of this young man—handicapped and truncated as he has been by the strange fortuity of his life-course—is something which even we who could find no better use for his energies than to turn them to anti-social activities and then lock him away from us, may well be proud to discover and acclaim.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

A Plea for the Mind

Belphegor. By Julien Benda. Translated by S. J. I. Lawson. Introduction by Irving Babbitt. Payson and Clarke. $2.

IT always seemed to me that the reviewers overemphasized the fact that Julien Benda's "The Treason of the Intellectuals" was lacking in pertinence so far as America was concerned. To be sure it was a book written about French conditions for Frenchmen, but a true apprehension of the fundamental thinking it contained should have made it relatively easy to apply M. Benda's ideas in this country, with disastrous results to some of our respected thinkers and writers. My objection to the book was not that it lacked pertinence to our situation, but that it offered, in the first place, no satisfactory solution of the problem of the disinterested "intellectual" who is immersed in a given social situation and must, unless he is utterly bloodless, take a "writing interest" in the practical affairs of the state. I do not mean that he should be hampered in his thinking by nationalistic concerns; indeed I heartily second M. Benda's attack on the perverse nationalism of some of our recent writers; but I do not see how any rational intellectual can hope to dissociate himself from such raging problems as those of war and peace (even though they are nationalistic in essence), for instance. I cite war and peace, for it is on an aspect of these problems that M. Benda reveals a shocking (nay, quite childish) bias and one that made me suspicious of his whole program for dissociating the intellectuals from so-called practical politics.

In "The Treason of the Intellectuals" M. Benda casts quite unworthy aspersions on those Frenchmen who have concerned themselves with the question of war guilt and considers himself justified in asserting the truth of the war-time mythology as to the origins of the World War. In other words, he has absorbed some of the very passionate mythology that is so deeply rooted in the nationalism which he is busy reproaching the intellectuals for espousing. He is apparently unable to recognize that it is a material contribution to his cause to have one of the most piously erected structures of the French nationalists (to confine the matter to his own country) destroyed. Only by demonstrating the utterly untrustworthy nature of the assertions of the nationalists on questions of ascertainable fact shall we be able to shake the belief of the general public in their grandiose emotional structures. It does not speak at all well for M. Benda's own disinterestedness that he is unable to grasp this quite obvious point.

"Belphegor," while the emphasis is quite different from that of "The Treason," is in some ways a complementary book. Its thesis is that there has been, for some time past, a distinct movement to emphasize the emotional elements in works of art to the exclusion of the intellectual. The philosophical background for this movement is found in Bergson. Its remoter roots run back to Rousseau and beyond. It has resulted in the progressive deterioration of the intellectual qualities of literature and the aggrandizement of the emotions. This thesis is supported by a wealth of argument and illustration and must be taken as a case demonstrated. "Belphegor" seems to me a much stronger book than "The Treason."

On its positive side, "Belphegor" is a plea for the reinstatement of the intellectual qualities of literature. M. Benda demands that we once more assert the disciplinary function of the mind; that we attempt not to reproduce in literature the immediate responses of the emotions to the external world but correlate our impressions and give them form and meaning through the use of the intellect. He demands that there be a return to a concern about the structural aspects of literature, with a view to making it possible to evaluate art in terms of aesthetic value, rather than of purely emotional significance. This program demands the cooperation not only of the artists but the critics as well. He finds that as the artists have aggrandized the emotional elements of their books, so have the critics become habituated to evaluating works in terms of emotions. This he finds to be disruptive of all intellectual life. In brief, he demands a reassertion of the primary importance of the intellect.

That this movement will find expression in contemporary American criticism is beyond doubt. It already has its voices, though I do not find that those who have voiced M. Benda's program are altogether admirable. They are characterized chiefly by a narrow particularity of information and comprehension. Battling for a minority point of view, they have tended to emphasize the esotericity of their program and the artists they have put forth as representative of what they desire to see come to pass are rather the last and feeblest representatives of extreme emotionalism than the precursors of the new literary fashion. Also, in their haste to reassert the importance of "structure," they have frequently forgotten content.

Personally, I am entirely sympathetic to the triumph of the intellect in art as elsewhere. The modern disparagement of the intellect does not seem to me to be firmly grounded. It is chiefly by disciplining the emotions and recognizing the conditioning non-intellectual influences, and asserting the claims of the intellect that we achieve any valuable insights. A wide reading of "Belphegor" should contribute to the reestablishment of the intellect in the place of primacy.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

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Potentialities

Poems. By Charles Norman. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.
The Heart's Journey. By Siegfried Sassoon. Harper and Brothers. $2.
Machinery. By MacKnight Black. Horace Liveright. $2.
Poems and the Spring of Joy. By Mary Webb. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.
The Hermit Thrush. By Kathleen Millay. Horace Liveright. $2.

AS representative selections from recent verse these volumes have definite limitations of importance. In the case of Mary Webb we know that her major efforts were devoted to her novels; as poets, it could be said that Messrs. Norman, Sassoon, and Black are interesting—but in their work there is evidence that each might be a more successful prose writer. It is difficult to think of these men becoming great poets, and it is surprisingly easy to imagine each one a potential novelist, writing with that instinct for accurate words which is called style.

Fine imagination, which is neither exactly nor necessarily a poetic point of view, is the distinguishing quality of Charles Norman's verse. Effectiveness, however, is sometimes sacrificed for brevity; and the poet often misses full expression by putting prose rhythms into verse forms. He continually uses (and then he speaks most naturally) prose-length lines:

> ploughing the sea the galleons swayed
> burrowing, and the huge hulls
> plunged from perilous heights.

With a single exception the collection lends itself nobly to our whim about potential novelists. That exception is Epitaphe pour la Reine. Here, strangely enough in French, is the unmistakable work of a poet.

In "The Heart's Journey" Siegfried Sassoon seldom writes without self-consciousness; the thought is frequently strained into meter, and there are only a few natural lines. Yet, certainly, the emotions seem genuine and the moods essentially poetic. In Sassoon the war is by no means a dim memory. Slight as are his treatments of it in this volume, there is still reason to believe that he might write a remarkable story of his four and a half years' service.

Corliss engines, turbines, and power-houses are, of course, novel subjects of verse. As symbols of the modern age, they are important materials of literature. Admitting that MacKnight Black understands machinery and sees in it a poetic power which the casual observer cannot grasp easily, it is fair to say that his book does not interpret civilization, even subtly; it merely analyzes symbols. And when Mr. Black employs such figures as "skyscrapers stand tethered," and "as where the measured sun hammers the cold earth, a piston beats immobile steel," there is proof that machinery is not yet a self-sufficient idea. It is possible to imagine that the rhythms of these poems are those of electricity, swirling and surging and beating; it is still more possible that machinery is a subject more suited to prose than to verse.

The poems and essays in Mary Webb's book are a record of personal experiences, out of which her novels have grown. Immediately, "we are caught into the primal beauty of earth, and life flows in upon us like an eager." As in "Precious Bane," her best-known work, a quiet, reasoned sense of beauty moves through this volume.

And by contrast, Kathleen Millay is definitely a poet; though in "The Hermit Thrush" a not very impressive one. Occasionally, however, she finds in a mood of wistful, sad beauty the lyric motive which rises to the heights of fine poetry.

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India's Wealth and England's Wars

Indian Finance. In the Days of the Company. By Pramathnatha Banerjea. The Macmillan Company. $5.

TEXTBOOKS on Indian finance and economics are few and far between; hence any attempts that are made by popular writers to throw light on these subjects ought to be welcomed by the country in general and by students of economics in particular. Dr. Banerjea has delved into the treasure-house of the records of the East India Company and produced a learned volume which reveals at least part of the terrible story of the drain of India's wealth during the reign of the company. The military expenditure was a bugbear in those days, more than a century back, just as it is a source of waste in the year of grace 1929. The book contains many details—and vivid ones, too—of the financial burden involved in fighting Britain's wars outside of India, and the agony of the company's directors in not being able to withstand the "loot" of India's resources for service of the Crown abroad. As for example, we find the directors complaining:

> Our revenues will not, with the requisite allowances for the other branches of public expenditure, suffice for the payment of the present military establishments, of which the King's troops, including their passage to and from India and the recruiting service, account for so extensive a part. Reduction, therefore, is here indispensable. Increase, payable from the funds of the company, is impossible; and this is a subject on which a clear and definite understanding is immediately necessary. . . . At the desire of His Majesty's Government, the . . . company have had to sustain the expenses of various expeditions to the French, Dutch, and Spanish possessions in India, and to. . . Egypt, all chiefly on National [British] account.

The authorities in England in a dispatch to the East India Company stated:

> We believe that a due regard to the welfare of the general community demands a large and liberal expenditure on works of the above description . . . such as the restoration and construction of works of irrigation, the formation of new lines of road and water communication, and the improvement of harbors.

Not only the East India Company, but the present British Indian Government, has generally failed, even after seventy years, to carry out this excellent policy, because of the depredations of the military octopus.

VITHALDAS K. BHUTA

Fiction Briefs

Tides. By Count Edouard von Keyserling. Translated from the German by Arthur J. Ashton. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

The novels of the late Count Edouard von Keyserling—not to be confused with his living, philosophic cousin—belong to that long line of fiction that extends from "A Sentimental Journey" to "Anna Karenina." Except that they reflect the lingering traces of one social order and the presage of a new one to come, they have nothing in common with either the proletarian or the introspective psychological styles of contemporary writing. They are in the best aristocratic manner and, although the times have changed, they lose nothing thereby in value or quality.

"Tides," like "Twilight" and "The Curse of the Tarniffs," is distinguished by a quiet elegance of execution that is far too

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graceful to be affected. It has the simplicity that comes from infinite care and restraint. Written originally in German by a baron from the Baltic provinces, it escapes, surprisingly enough, both Teutonic ponderousness and Slavic impetuosity. The sentiment that dominates is of regret, not of enhancement. Count von Keyserling was a realist. Whether he dealt with the lords of the manor, or with their serfs, or with their runaway wives as in "Tides," his point of view on actualities was never distorted by his tastes.

The setting in which "Tides" is placed has been shattered these fifteen years, and the plot is negligible, but the situations are apt to remain pertinent as long as human opposites attract each other and human temperaments clash and environment modifies human actions. Doralice and Hans seek a refuge for their love by the seaside, but love proves difficult between contrasting natures and the sea is treacherous. In grasping the varieties of interplay between character and conditions Count von Keyserling created several small masterpieces of which "Tides" is one. It is to be regretted that his work is not better known in America, especially when it is available in such responsible editions as this one from the Transatlantic Library.

As Far as Jane's Grandmother's. By Edith Olivier. The Viking Press. $2.50.

The darker subtleties of the professional psychologist are absent from this book. The domination of Jane Langdale by her Grandmother Basildon results in frustrations and repressions that are reflected in actions only. Although accurate the study is superficial. The decorous treatment of a subject that might well tempt other writers into deeper waters gives "As Far as Jane's Grandmother's" but the meager charm of a stately and narrow tradition.

This Poor Player. By Shirley Watkins. Macrae-Smith Company. $2.50.

To all but two of the many people who come within sound of his hypnotic tongue Alexander Birney is what he believes himself to be, a savior of mankind cast in the nineteenth-century mold of philosopher extraordinary. Even the simple, devoted Geyer and the cynical, effete Seixas see the truth but dimly: Geyer cherishes the promise that is never fulfilled; Seixas analyzes the mountebank from the genius, but neither comprehends the essential quality of such a mental vagrant. It is the magnitude of Birney's fine art of deception that gives his character its peculiar and tremendous dimensions. The distinction of the novel comes from the author's power to realize the extent, the force, and above all, the barren wake of such a characteristic. Apart from this element the book might well be dismissed as a *tour de force* of erudition, rhetoric, and abnormal psychology. As it is, 454 pages of such literal, unidiomatic prose give the impression of a carefully prepared exercise. "A Poor Player" escapes complete boredom because a paranoiac is always a curiosity, and because a charlatan, even a metaphysical one, has fascination.

Dark Weather. By Marguerite R. Baldwin. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Neither the confusions of riches nor the restraints of learning ever touched the characters in "Dark Weather." They are the people whose shabby dwellings fringe the back streets and lanes of Styxtown—poor laborers and indolent farmers. With the exception of the dreamer, Jules, none has looked above his barnyard, let alone lifted his eyes unto the hills. Their lives are only once removed by their human forms from those of their live stock; they exist with equal irresponsibility and more, much more, promiscuity and gaiety. They are the poor whites of every town from coast to coast, once confined to buggy rides and now as much confined to flivver jaunts. Written in a somber, almost onomatopoetic style, singularly unsensuous, the novel nevertheless is streaked by the peculiar vibrations of June's reckless abandon, her pathetic defiance, her impassioned vernacular. Marguerite Baldwin confronts her material with conscious detachment, and creates her object by suggestion. The theme of the loves and death of the slavey in a small-town inn is not new, but treated with discernment and penetration, with knowledge and art, it places "Dark Weather" high in the regional literature of America.

Drama

Vaudeville Must Be Saved

THE past season in particular was filled with plaints about the unprecedented number of failures on Broadway resulting in dozens of dark houses and a whole army of unemployed actors. Yet in spite of the keen public interest in the fortunes of the theater the fact that there is only one straight vaudeville house on Broadway today—Keith's Palace Theater—does not seem to attract much attention. It is only on special occasions—such as the recent sale of the Hippodrome and the proposal to demolish this legend-wrapped playhouse, or the centennial celebration of vaudeville, held in 1926—that vaudeville is recalled in the press and in public discussion. A visitor from other lands, if he suddenly found himself in Times Square, would hardly suspect the existence in this country of that unique and ancient art.

The decline of vaudeville in New York revealed itself earlier in the closing down of such Broadway houses as Tony Pastor's, Hammerstein's, and the Colonial. Now comes the downfall of that greatest house of spectacles—the Hippodrome. The same tendency is at work in the capitals of Europe. In London, for instance, such famous houses as the Empire, the London Pavilion, the Tivoli, and the Oxford have become movie palaces (or at least have ceased to house vaudeville) within the last ten years. There are still several straight vaudeville houses left in the theatrical district—the Palladium, the Holborn Empire, the Alhambra, the Coliseum, the Hippodrome, and the Palace—not to mention the numerous neighborhood music halls, but just as in New York their number, particularly in the central section of town, does not increase.

The paradox is that in spite of its practical disappearance from the Times Square amusement district and in spite also of the critical condition in which this district finds itself today, vaudeville not only exists but apparently even prospers. Here are a few pertinent figures. The largest nation-wide vaudeville enterprise—the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit—operates about 700 theaters served by 25,000 artists and having an average weekly attendance of some 12,000,000 people. In Greater New York the same interests control forty-eight theaters with an average weekly attendance of 560,000 or nearly a quarter of the 2,500,000 who patronize the theater—whether it be devoted to drama, vaudeville, or movies—within that territory.

It must be admitted that only five out of the 700 theaters, namely one each in New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, serve their public with "straight" vaudeville. All the others divide their program between vaudeville and movies. But though originally the concession of half the program to the movies was undoubtedly a tribute to a rival power which was rapidly becoming more formidable, today it signifies no more than the desire to provide an entertainment of real variety. In fact until the appearance of the talking picture the gains were entirely on the side of vaudeville,

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which even invaded the movie houses and drove the pictures to a position of acknowledged inferiority.

Why does vaudeville, to all appearances, prosper in the provincial and often very backward localities, while in the cities, which are the centers presumably of theatrical culture in every country, it fails to hold its own and is slowly but surely dying out? Why has vaudeville lost favor with the most exacting section of the metropolitan audience? Is it because, as a form of theatrical art, vaudeville is too crude? Or has it deteriorated from its once proud perfection? Or have metropolitan audiences acquired new and different tastes in theatrical entertainment?

The first suggestion is the most likely answer—and the most indefensible. "Vaudeville is essentially one of the lower forms of theatrical art which inevitably takes the back seat when faced with the competition of such superior forms as drama and musical comedy." What preposterous trash passes here for an aesthetic theory! The popular notion of art is that it is something very serious and very solemn, while entertainment means trivial and light-hearted distraction. It is true that what is known as music-hall, cabaret, variety, and vaudeville entertainment (the name vaudeville was introduced in this country by B. F. Keith some forty years ago in order that the "clean entertainment" supplied by his respectable houses might be distinguished from the popular but less respectable "variety") has one fundamental characteristic which differentiates it from all other forms of modern theater. It is frankly an entertainment. The stage is simply a platform, i. e., a raised place which serves no other purpose than to enable the performers to display their gifts before an audience. The modern drama tries to be on the side of the angels by preserving religiously the big and therefore "serious" form of a long play. But vaudeville needs no such devices to provide art that is vital and earnest, even if it is not always "serious." In its basic tradition it is much more the legitimate successor to the theater which was the superb ornament of ancient Greece, Renaissance Spain, Elizabethan England, India, and Japan than the so-called "legitimate" drama of this and the past century can ever claim to be.

That present-day vaudeville is not what it was cannot be denied. Because it has practically disappeared from the centers of culture, it is ruled by standards which are established not by the most sensitive and lively sections of the public, but rather by the less exacting standards of the provinces. It is possible that B. F. Keith and E. F. Albee deserve a certain amount of blame for the condition of vaudeville in America. Much as they, as well as other theater owners, have encouraged talent in vaudeville, their policy of "mass production," the very size of the organization they have developed, and the fact that they must cater to the interest and tastes of a large provincial audience could not fail to have the same demoralizing effect upon vaudeville as mass production has had in another field of popular entertainment—the movies.

There are still incomparable artists on the vaudeville stage, such as Sophie Tucker, Belle Baker, Bill Robinson, Owen McGiveney, Toto, Brothers Arnault, and a few others. But many of the best performers in vaudeville have gone to the musical-comedy stage—George Cohan, Fred Stone, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Fannie Brice, Joe Cook, Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Fred and Adele Astair, to mention a few. As a result, the average program even in the better class of vaudeville houses is often excruciatingly dull and talentless.

It is within the power of those who control vaudeville bookings to keep up its standards. The whole system must be reorganized on a basis which will enable its stars to remain in vaudeville, whatever may be the temptations of musical comedy, for compared with the youthful sprightliness, concentration, and marvelous precision of perfect vaudeville, musical comedy is like a lady far past her prime, inordinately made up, and garrulous to an extreme.

It scarcely needs proving in this country of high-powered salesmanship that public taste is subject to outside influences. But even without resort to artificial means the American public can be educated to appreciate vaudeville. In fact it already does. There were this winter two companies in New York which proved not only how glorious vaudeville can be but also how great a hold it can have on the public. I refer, of course, to the Chauve Souris and the Ruth Draper Company. There are few things more colorful than Balieff's human dolls, and no magic can achieve more than is achieved by Ruth Draper—noble, cattish, passionate, pathetic Ruth Draper.

Why not more companies like them? There are several dark theaters on Broadway. Good vaudeville can be made as successful there as any play or revue. But it must be good. It must be original and inventive; it must show real talent; and there must be unity and coherence in the performance as a whole. The scope here for original ideas and for a healthy creative rivalry is unlimited.

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International Relations Section

White Man's Justice

WE reprint from the London *Times* a résumé of a report on the quality of justice meted out to the native in South Africa. It is an interesting study of a relationship which exists wherever the white man, in the role of conqueror, but numerically inferior, comes in contact with the dark races.

Recently Dr. Edgar H. Brookes, professor of politics and public administration at the Transvaal University College, Pretoria, South Africa, associated with himself a number of legal practitioners and graduate students to investigate the question whether the native in Africa gets an adequate and fair measure of justice. It is often said that he does not—"Justice may be blind, but she is certainly not color-blind."

Dr. Brookes and his associates report that in the matter of procedure in court natives are generally bewildered and not infrequently "hustled" when they come up before a European magistrate. White prisoners are treated with consideration by the court officials, but the native is compelled to tell his story in the way required by the white officials, and not in his own way, and is generally harried. The report does not suggest a remedy, but experienced officials suggest the use of natives as petty magistrates in the locations, the provision of a "public defendant" as well as a public prosecutor in the cases which are serious enough to come before a white magistrate, and, above all, a radical reduction in the number of man-made petty crimes. It has been calculated that one out of every four natives in Johannesburg is brought up each year before the magistrate for breach of some petty law, generally the "crime" of being out without a pass.

Of the hostility of the police toward natives there is abundant evidence. The European police in South Africa are very largely of Dutch extraction, and they are apt to follow the methods of the less enlightened section of the Dutch-speaking population where natives are concerned. Worse, however, are the native policemen. As a rule, these are Zulus, unable to read or write, but inheriting many of the warlike, not to say bullying, traits which characterize that warrior nation. Even with prisoners of his own tribe the Zulu is rough; with those of other tribes he is often brutal.

When they come to a consideration of the verdicts and sentences in European and native criminal cases respectively the investigators bring out the inequality of justice. They seem to go out of their way to be fair. For purposes of comparison they have chosen all their cases from the criminal records of one province—the Transvaal—and for the years 1925 and 1926. In cases of rape the theory acted upon by jury and judge is that natives do not regard rape so seriously as Europeans, but this theory appears only to be valid when the complainant is a native girl. Thus a European, whose case is quoted, was found guilty of having raped a native girl of fifteen and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labor. But a native convicted of assault with intent to commit rape upon a European girl of eleven was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment with hard labor and seven lashes. "Had you succeeded," said the judge in the latter case, "I would certainly have sentenced you to death."

Murder cases, however, with their inevitable sentence to death if the accused is found guilty, show the greatest disparities in verdict and sentence. It may be taken as an axiom that no jury will ever convict a white man of the murder of a native. Needless to say, all juries are composed of white men. They will always find some extenuating circumstance, such as that the victim had a weak heart or an enlarged spleen, or a tumor of the liver, or attempted to assault the white man. If the report had not confined itself to cases arising during 1925 and 1926 it could have adduced even more striking cases than it does, but even these are enough to show the disparities in judgment and sentence in "mixed" cases. A European charged with culpable homicide admitted that he had hit his native servant with a pickax and killed him. He was found not guilty by the jury and acquitted. Two native servants pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of attempting to murder their European master by administering poison. They were found guilty and sentenced to three and a half years' imprisonment each. In another case a European was charged with culpable homicide of a native whom he had kicked in the back and who afterward died. Medical evidence ("not always the most satisfactory feature of such cases") showed that the native had suffered from a tumor of the liver and that the rupture of the tumor was the cause of death. The jury found the man guilty of common assault, with a recommendation to mercy. The sentence was one of two weeks' imprisonment without hard labor. A native charged with the murder of his master was found guilty, sentenced to death, and hanged.

The report, after pointing out that "it is quite clear to us that the jury system, though not as black as some well-intentioned critics have painted it, has proved a failure in mixed cases," proceeds to recommend that the jury system be abolished, and that the criminal court consist of a judge and two assessors (which even today can be demanded, instead of a jury, by a person accused of a serious crime), or, better, by a bench of three judges. The South African judiciary is held in high esteem by both whites and natives, and such a court would win the confidence of all sections of South Africa's many communities. Furthermore, the report recommends that an alternative penalty for murder should be found since, as things are today, "the question of what sentence is ultimately to be imposed on a murderer is taken out of purely judicial hands and political advisers may in rare cases influence the final decision."

As the result of its investigations the committee believes that the average juryman, which means the average white South African, faces his task with certain assumptions, which may be set forth as follows:

> In the first place, a white man will naturally use a considerable amount of force in dealing with a native with whom he has had a difference. Should the native die thereafter, it may be presumed that he has not died as the direct result of the assault unless there is irrefutable evidence to the contrary. Secondly, no white man should ever be hanged because he has killed a native. Hence, as hanging is the only possible sentence for murder, a jury ought not to find a white man guilty if he is charged with the murder of a native. Thirdly, if the verdict is such that the white man in such a case is sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, the jury has performed a laudable action and one calculated to meet amply the ends of justice. Finally, native evidence is frequently unreliable. Hence, in the case of direct conflict between native evidence and European evidence, the latter should prevail.

It is difficult to say what effect this moderately worded and carefully documented report will have in South Africa. The general feeling is that the charge of dispensing unequal justice has been proved. The publicity thus given to the fact will help; but so long as the feeling of race antagonism remains—a feeling based ultimately on the numerical superiority of the natives—the black man will not get the same treatment as the white in South African courts.

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